Saturday Review

February 29, 1964 25¢

POSITION PAPERS 1964:

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Liberal Republicanism

By Arthur Larson

FIRST OF A SERIES IN A
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RECORDINGS

INGMAR BERGMAN,
THE LISTEN

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Where do most people get their news?

From newspapers ☐
From magazines ☐
From radio ☐
From television ☐

In the latest Roper survey, television was chosen as their major source of news by 55 per cent of all adults; 53 per cent selected newspapers.* Already long established as the nation's most popular entertainer, television now has become the nation's most popular reporter as well. A glance at the program listings below may help explain why.

*OTHER RESULTS: RADIO, 29%; MAGAZINES, 6%. TOTAL EXCEEDS 100% BECAUSE SOME PEOPLE NAMED MORE THAN ONE MEDIUM.

Some regularly scheduled programs of news and newsmakers

Monday to Friday: Today/Mike Wallace/ Edwin Newman/Harry Reasoner/ Ray Scherer/Floyd Kalber/Lisa Howard/ Douglas Edwards/Sander Vanocur/ Ron Cochran/Walter Cronkite/ Huntley-Brinkley/Bob Young

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Saturdays: Robert Trout/Sander Vanocur

Sundays: Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/Sunday/One of a Kind/ Science All-Stars/The Twentieth Century/ Meet the Press/Harry Reasoner

Daily: Local and regional reports.

Other television programs of special interest

Discovery in Moscow
Life in USSR as seen by children. (Pt. II)
Sunday, March 1 (1-1:30 PM)

The Ethics of Anti-Communism
A lecture by George F. Kennan
Sunday, March 1 (4-5 PM)

Britain: The Changing Guard
The "Establishment" in transition.
Sunday, March 1 (10-11 PM)

Our Man in Washington
David Brinkley behind the scenes.
Tuesday, March 3 (10-11 PM)

No Room for Kings
Fremont and Sutter in early California.
Friday, March 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)

New Hampshire Primary Returns
Tuesday evening, March 10

Jazz in the Concert Hall
Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Wednesday, March 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Synagogues Old and New
An architectural survey.
Sunday, March 15 (2-2:30 PM)

John L. Lewis
Biography in film.
Sunday, March 15 (6-6:30 PM)

Little Moon of Alban
Julie Harris and Dirk Bogarde in a new production of the James Costigan play.
Wednesday, March 18 (7:30-9 PM)

The St. Matthew Passion
The Bach oratorio, in English.
Sunday, March 22 (1-4 PM)

Visit with Ben Shahn
The religious spirit in contemporary art.
Sunday, March 22 (2-2:30 PM)

I Love You—Whatever That Means
Shakespeare and Shaw on love.
Wednesday, March 25 (7:30-8 PM)

Revelations
An Easter oratorio by Earl Wild.
Sunday, March 29 (2-3 PM)

The Saga of Western Man: 1964
Sunday, March 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Breakthrough: Shape of the Medical Future
New developments in medicine.
Sunday, March 29 (10-11 PM)

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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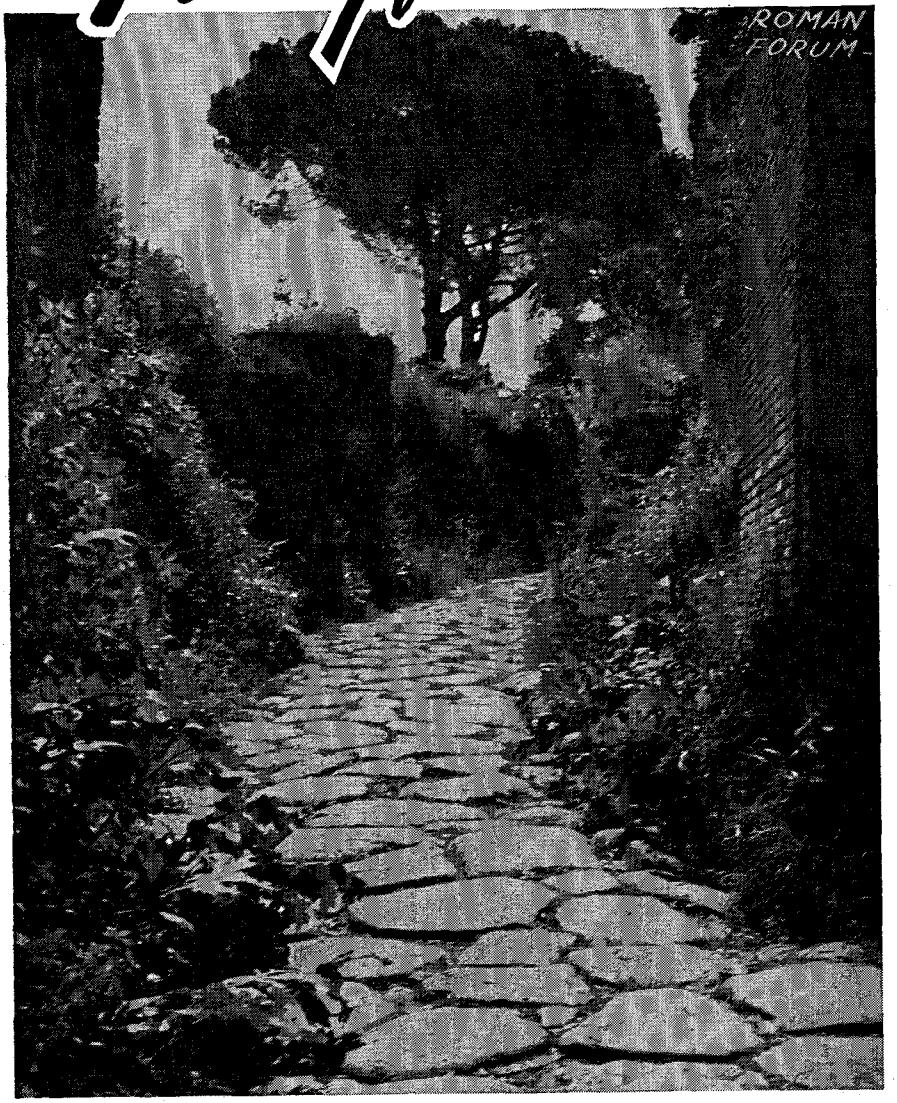
See Italy first



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Edited by Martin Levin

Reminder

You cannot have forgotten that spring,
The tennis court at the hotel,
Mixed doubles. "You play so well!"
I sighed, but would not bring
My glasses, squint, swing
My racquet one inch off the ball
And of our 15-love make 15-all.

You cannot have forgotten how we lay
On deckchairs on the breezy beach,
How I stuck to you like a leech
And quoted Shelley; those walks along the bay
When we held hands, and you saw ne'er a ray
Of hope to sneak somewhere remote:
You had to face me at the *table d'hôte*.

You cannot have forgotten that sweet brook
Beside whose course I'd sentimental wax,
My touching interest in your income tax,
Or my admiring, long, devoted cook.
And hinting I was an accomplished look,
You cannot have forgotten me, the danger
Stalking you, handsome eligible stranger!

—Henny Kleiner.

Our Lagging Reader Program

SCIENCE, which has brought automation to many fields, has done little to help the reader of books. The last significant improvement was the rack to hold a book while reading in bed. But even this has not kept pace with the times. Many readers-in-bed have waited in vain for later models that would have fluorescent lighting and a built-in suction device that would continuously remove crumbs, for those who munch while they read.

Preoccupied with vaccines and rocketry, scientists have done nothing to take the onerous and exhausting physical labor out of reading. It is still necessary, for example, to extract a book from a bookshelf by old-fashioned hand methods. Surely it would seem a simple matter to develop a book-ejector device that would cause the desired book to pop out like a jet pilot, with a small silk parachute to drop it gently into the reader's hands. The selector-ejector might be operated from an easy chair across the room, in some such manner as one now chooses television channels and silences commercials by remote control.

More important, consider the laborious, primitive method now in use for turning pages. Why not an electronic device, guided by movement of the eyeball, that would turn the page when the eye reaches the lower margin? True, pages would flip back every time one lifted one's eyes, and this would be annoying. But resourceful scientists would soon find a remedy—perhaps a few, hardly noticeable weights that would keep the eyeballs steadily moving downward from their apogee at the top of the page.

Science has taken some of the physical effort out of writing books by developing the electric typewriter. But, though books are more easily written, they are no more easily read than they were a century ago. With almost everything else automated or given an electronic assist, reading is one of the few activities left that impose a burden upon the human body, if not the mind.

Obviously, what is needed is a Senate investigation, a substantial appropriation, and a crash program. Otherwise the Russians may get ahead of us.

—Richard Armour.

Confessions for Winter

IN the dead of winter my secret is hardest to keep. It swells within me like freezing water. It strains to be told when one friend and another gleefully bid me farewell on departing for Florida or the Bahamas for the pleasures of sunshine and warmth. And it fairly explodes within me when one such smug, tanned vacationer returns with his "Heh, heh. Seems you got a few inches of snow while I was down South, eh? Heh, heh."

Well, out it must come. I *love* snow! Let the Miami Chamber of Commerce cut out my tongue, let the Hawaii Visitors' Bureau choke me with leis: it must be told. I love snow and loved it before ever seeing it.

In my childhood in Honolulu I used to dream of palm trees, hibiscus, and even tourists blanketed under that fantastic white stuff, only to wake to the disappointingly warm sunshine and too-bright colors of Hawaiian flora. My favorite novels, poems, and movies were those most vividly wintry. How clearly I can see even now the softly blurred flakes drifting before the bright eyes of Michele Morgan in *La Symphonie Pastorale*. And "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" was a perfectly effortless memorization assignment in high school.

After eighteen years of fitful wishing, however, my snow day came. Trenton, New Jersey. November. It was a flurry lasting perhaps fifteen minutes. Just the slightest flakes prematurely fallen and as ephemeral as, well, snowflakes. I went wild, to the great amusement of my winter-jaded friends. I put on black gloves and a black overcoat, ran excitedly outdoors, and waited to inspect a settling snow crystal. To my dismay, the flakes melted and the flurry ended before I satisfied my curiosity. But soon after, I was successful in my scientific and esthetic inquiry, and I still find much satisfaction in this pastime (I continue to wear black winter clothes), although it is several years since that first experience.

Snow generally jeopardized my grades at college in New York, for there never seemed a better time for a walk than those grayest of days when snow was imminent or falling. But I somehow survived my four college winters (as well as college itself) and lived to see the city—now Philadelphia—transformed each snowfall.

I have concentrated on cities in my snow-connoisseurship primarily from necessity. But having also tasted the joys of rural snows, I nevertheless prefer the city's metamorphosis. It is more complete and unexpectedly beautiful. One anticipates beauty in the country in any season. But the city surprises one; its drabbest corners come absolutely alive after a snow. The old wrought-iron fences, the antedated sculpture on building façades, the traffic signals, even the dented garbage cans demand to be noticed after a decent snowfall.

I could go on and on, of course, describing the special taste of snowflakes, the singular tingle of a crystal landing on one's nose, the feel and sound of snow crunched underfoot. But any child can do the job much better than I.

Instead, I shall conclude with this admission: In all the years of my flirtation with snow I have never had to take a shovel to it or coax a Volkswagen through it.

—Paul T. Nagano.

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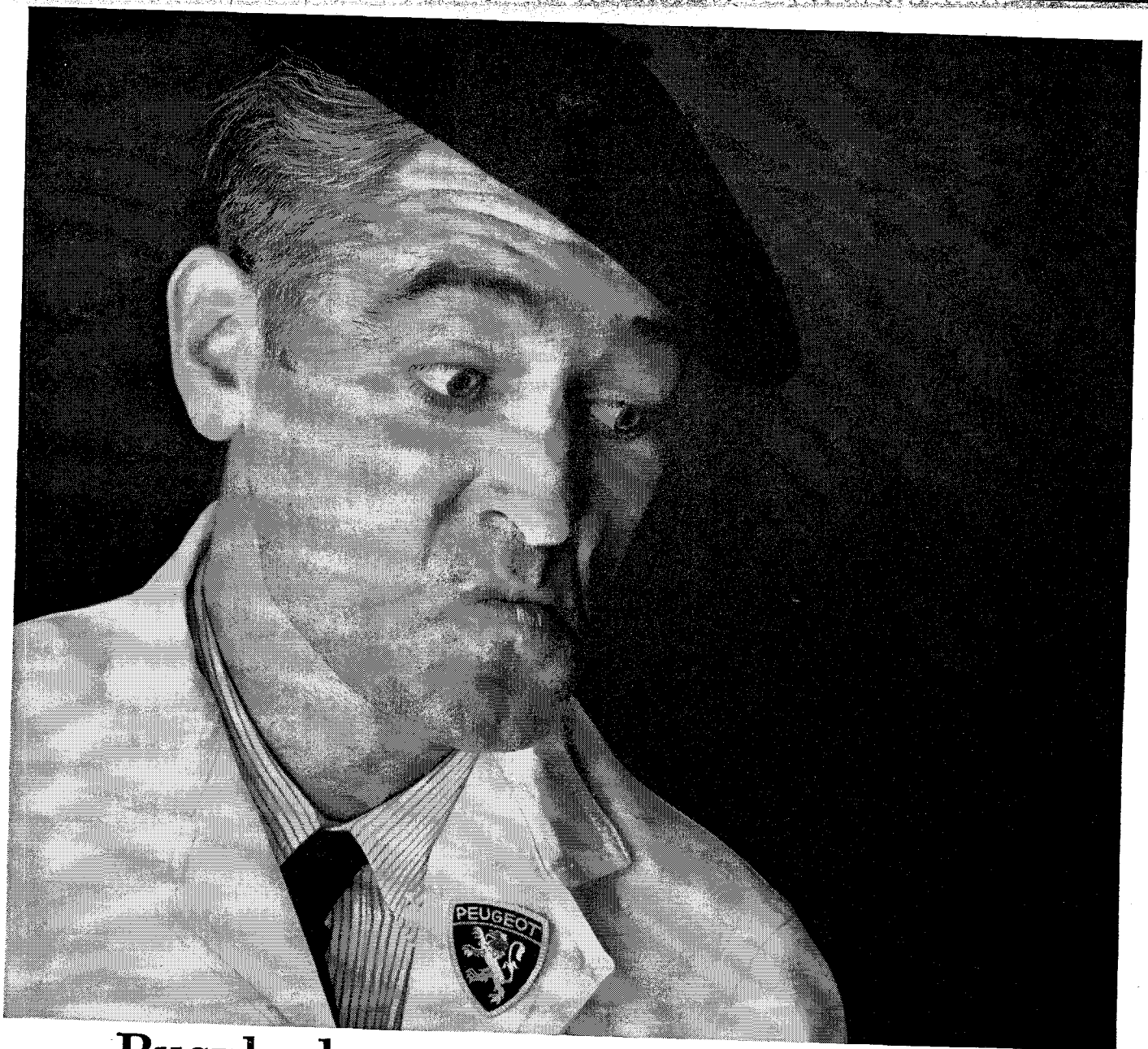

Busybody

He has to be. He's a Peugeot inspector. That automatically means he looks into anything and everything. He's not alone. One out of every 8 production employees is a quality inspector.

Some people accuse Peugeot of being a fanatic on the subject of inspection. Peugeot considers that a compliment. Peugeot still insists on test driving *every* car it builds—not just a percentage. In addition, one out of every 20 Peugeots built is driven thirty miles to check power output and oil and gas mileage. As if that weren't enough, each week one Peugeot is road tested for 300 miles under every driving condition and then completely taken apart to check for any signs of excessive wear.

Peugeot not only inspects every part, down to nuts and bolts, before and after assembly, but actually manufactures most of them to insure their quality. Peugeot is the only manufacturer in the world, for example, that still builds its own shock absorbers.

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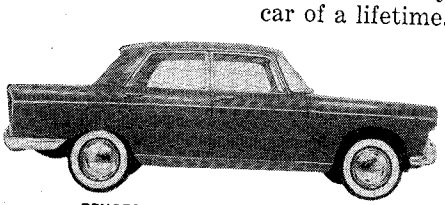

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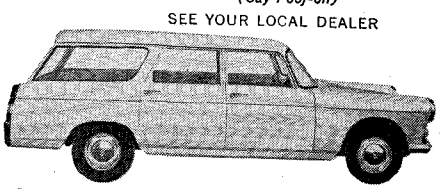

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What pagan practices still survive in Christianity today?

What new undreamed principle which neither paganism or any of the other religions could match enabled Christianity to sweep the earth?

What mystic power enabled it to do so despite bitter persecution from powerful rulers in the beginning, and despite scepticism during the scientific age?

Did His disciples declare Christ divine during His lifetime?

Did Christ say that He was the Messiah?

Why was Christ crucified?

Why were the early Christians able to endure the most cruel tortures without cracking, and face death without fear?

What place has religion in the life of the individual today?

Can it provide a philosophy for living in this neurotic age serenely without fear or tension?

These and many other highly disturbing questions are explored in a remarkably incisive book

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Christ
AND
PAGAN

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Dr. Boas became a profound student of world religions who, at every turn, surprises with arresting ideas that sharply challenge established beliefs. *For example*: ". . . the begetting of children . . . has always been considered direct and flagrant competition with divinity who should by rights have a monopoly on the creation of life."

Dr. Boas probes deep beneath the surface, analyzing keenly and with wit: What man seeks in religion and how primitive religion satisfied his aims. The continuing struggle between paganism, cult, and religion: The Hebrew solution. The Christian solution. Jesus versus paganism—contradictions, distortions, alterations, and wrong interpretations of the gospel texts and parables.

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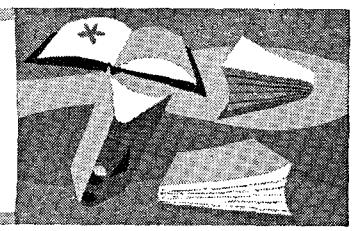

A charming story about some experiences in the Peace Corps is told in a recent *Panorama* by Suellen Fisher, who teaches five-year-olds in an Ivory Coast fishing village. Newcomers to schooling, and not very good at the official language, French, the pupils are different from ours in at least one way: they crash the gate. The class is so popular that there are always more students than there should be. The extras are children of fishermen, planters, taxi drivers, etc. The situation requires Miss Fisher to sign the roll call report this way: "Registered, 30. Absent, 3. Present, 35."

At the end of the day the teacher gives each child a cup of milk. It is a

treat, and Miss Fisher has made a point of talking about the animal from which milk comes and having the children write about *la vache* in their notebooks. One afternoon she was interrupted in serving the milk by a child crying out:

"*Voici la vache!*"

"Where do you see the cow?" the teacher asked.

"You're the cow, Mademoiselle, because you give us milk."

Fitzbeatty Travelogue. *New York, 1:* The traffic is very bad in this city. A solution has been reached. The City Council is being asked to give the commissioners the power to narrow the sidewalks.

New York, 2: A messenger boy writes me that he lost his job because he took too long to make a delivery to the Pan Am building. Reason: the Pan Am building has a Park Avenue address, yet you cannot go into the building from Park Avenue. Also, on the ground floor there are just escalators and no elevators. Our messenger finally discovered you have to take the escalators up to find the elevators and the building directory.

Des Moines: Serving liquor by the drink has been legal here only a short time. Bartenders and waitresses are still taking lessons in mixing drinks. Rick Allen of Hicksville, N.Y., reports that on a business trip here he breakfasted late in his hotel. He asked the waitress to bring a soufflé.

She thought a moment and then told Mr. Allen, "Sorry, sir, the bar isn't open yet."

La Grande, Oregon: A fancy recruiting poster on the Eastern Oregon College campus reads in part: "Naviator, the Navy man who flys." L. C. Johnson hopes they will recruit one who spells.

Mount Everest: South Col is the world's highest junkyard. The 26,200-foot pass is littered with cast-off oxygen bottles and equipment of American and other climbing parties. No empty beer cans, I'll bet. Yet.

Fayetteville, Arkansas: Edward Durrell Stone, whose home town it is, described the place as a hotbed of tranquility.

Danbury, Connecticut: They say that a New Haven Railroad engineer lives here on Featherbed Lane.

Denver: The NAACP office is on Race Street.

Now I've heard everything. (It's only a figure of speech. Of course I haven't heard everything.) Do you know who really invented the electric light bulb? Edison? No. The Russians? Nope. It was an Englishman, according to the British science writer Arthur C. Clarke, in *This Week* magazine. Joseph Swan came up with the carbon filament lamp twenty years before Edison's supposedly new electric light of 1879. It isn't as bad as it looks. Mr. Clarke says that our Wizard of Menlo Park was responsible for the wall plug and the meter that makes it possible for the company to send us all that juice and the bills to go along with it.

Mr. Clarke doesn't go so far as to say Edison *invented* these things. He says his *staff* did. He also points out that even then, 100 years ago, "they said it couldn't be done," but Edison's employees did it. Nowadays, Clarke writes, "armies of scientists are all working on the same vast project developing new ways to do things which can never be done."

Today every organization has on its team at least one expert whose job is to make such a decision. When the company is ready to go ahead with

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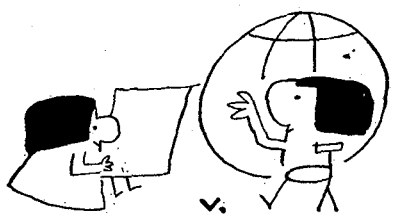
some vast project, it calls him in and he goes over the plans.

"It can't be done," he usually decides. So the firm goes ahead and tries to do it. In case of failure, nothing is heard of it. Once in a while there is a success. It is called a "breakthrough," and everyone gets out the expert's old analysis and cries: "Look here—they said it couldn't be done!"

On infrequent occasions an expert will announce, "This can be done." Then the company shelves its plans, saving lots of time and money. There is no advantage in completing some expensive development only to be told, "They said it could be done!"

The title of a book can mean the difference between a best-seller and a bomb, says Norman Kline. He recalls some published works that might have become favorites if their titles had been chosen more carefully: *Moby Richard, This Side of Paramus, Farewell to Feet, Happiness Is a Hot Dog, Gulliver's Trips, Treasure Peninsula,* and *Canoe of Fools.*

Sharps and Flats: Diane Cork says that VW and electric blanket owners aren't the only ones who talk incessantly about these possessions to each other; so do contact lens wearers.



► A new temple going up in Glencoe, Illinois, was designed by the distinguished architect Yamasaki. The rabbi reports someone asked if it signified a new cult of "Judoism."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1559)

David S. Stern:
DISCOVERY

(From *Philadelphia Lyrics,* in Philadelphia *Bulletin Sunday Magazine*)

A cherry orchard was destroyed by Chekhov
And Parson Weems said Georgie made a wreck of
A cherry tree—these hints you can't ignore:
It's odd that no one thought of this before: . . .

Of how these men, removed by time and distance,
Live now in calm, immortal co-existence.

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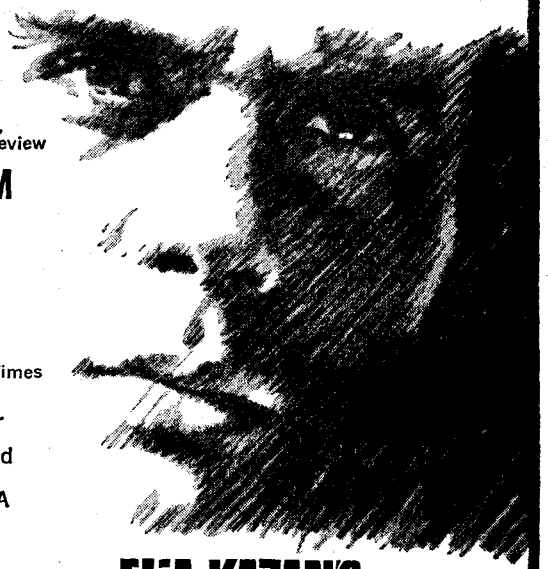
—Crist, Herald Tribune



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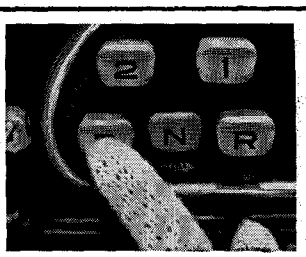

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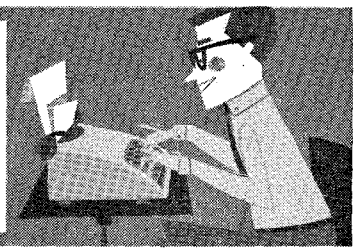


Rating, Writing, and 'Rithmetic

NOTHING is ever all good or all bad. Take the Nielsen ratings. Please!

Judy Garland's Nielsen dropped so low she decided to quit television so she would have more time to spend with her children. Not only is it correct for a mother to be with her offspring but Judy will get a higher rating singing "Rock-a-Bye-Baby" to her brood than she got in a month of Sundays on CBS.

The disheartening part is that in the last few weeks the show had improved perceptibly. There had been changes made in producers, in directors, in choreographers, and in writers. The only change they didn't make was to change the day and hour her show was televised. Put Miss Garland opposite *Harry's Girls* or a documentary and today a certain babysitter would not be out of a job.

I've come to the sad conclusion that the world is made up of two kinds of people—Writers and Non-Writers. In planning a new show, like Miss Garland's for instance, the Non-Writers kindly invite the Writers to several preproduction meetings to come up with a format for the new program. After a lot of cheerleading and brain-revving and smoking it is moved and seconded by the Non-Writers that what the script should be is Good. As the final meeting breaks up, the head Non-Writer says to the Writers: "Good luck, men. It's your baby now."

Thus impregnated, the Writers meet the next day after a spell of early-morning sickness and, placing an immaculate sheet of white paper in the typewriter, begin their conception. Before the season has begun, the first half-dozen or so scripts have been written and as many have been taped and viewed in private screening rooms by all concerned. No reaction yet from the Non-Writers.

The season begins and the first show is telecast. The newspaper critics go to work. They have a slight difference of opinion. Some say the show is very good and some say it is very bad. No word yet from the Non-Writers.

After three or four shows have been exposed to the public, the Nielsen ratings show up. So do the Non-Writers. The show is suddenly "in trouble." A TV show is said to be "in trouble" when it has a low rating. The Non-Writers swoop down and all the Writers are now suspect. Gone the cheerleading and the smoking, and whereas earlier there had been merely brain-picking, now the Non-Writers perform wholesale lobotomies. It is patiently explained to the Writers that when the Non-Writers wanted a show that would rate as good they had meant a show with a good rating.

Quite obviously no Writer can sit down to write a show with a good rating any more than a playwright can sit down to write a hit play. Also transpicuous is the fact that no Writer sits down to write a show with a bad rating. Also it is not the law of the TV jungle that all good shows get bad ratings and all bad shows get good ratings. It only seems that way. Which brings me to my favorite topic—the Nielsen ratings.

Some time ago the Associated Press took a poll of 1,400 Americans and came up with the result that the majority of our citizens prefer Barry Goldwater as the Republican nominee. This figure of 1,400 is dangerously close to, if not exactly, the number of Americans asked by Nielsen to indicate which programs are the most popular on TV. Could they possibly be the same 1,400 who tore themselves away from their sets long enough to choose Mr. Goldwater?

Since no news program or discussion program appears among the Nielsen's highly rated, it must unfortunately be assumed that for the 1,400 to know Mr. Goldwater he must have, unbeknownst to me, appeared as a guest on *The Beverly Hillbillies* or the *Patty Duke Show*. Now making a television show No. 1 is one thing but making a man our No. 1 citizen is quite another, and dangerous, thing. As Pope put it:

> A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring. (A)

(A) Pierian spring, for the benefit of *Beverly Hillbillies* fans, is a kind of creek in which the Muses (B) used to go swimmin' of a Saturday afternoon.

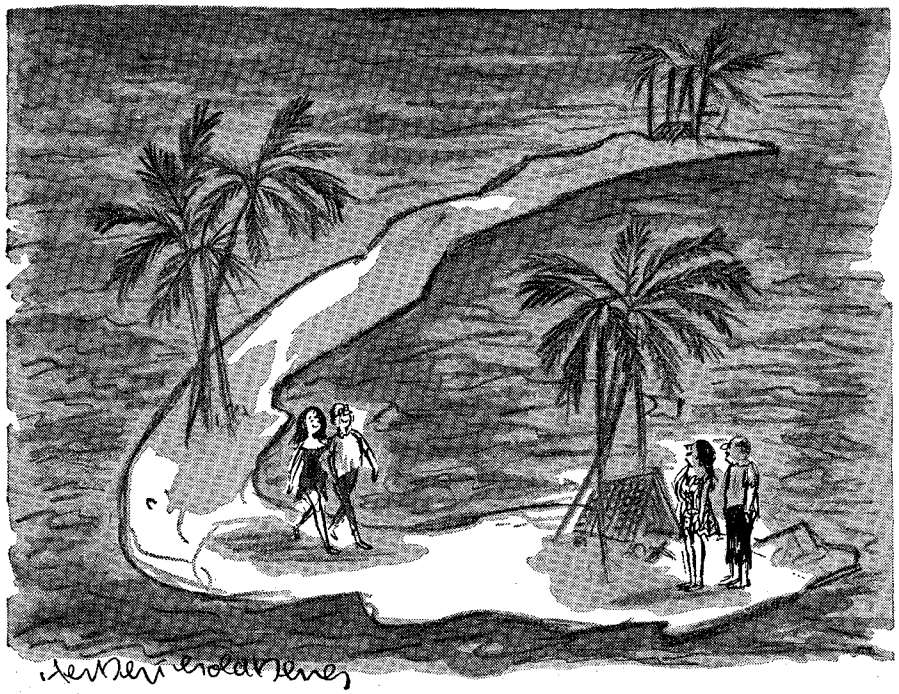
(B) The Muses, for the Patty Duke crowd, were ancient gods of the liberal arts. They dug poetry, music, astronomy, wind instruments, and all that jazz. Like the experts who show up on the David Susskind program. (C)

(C) The David Susskind program is a television show where guests sit around and discuss subjects like integration, politics, Cosa Nostra. (D)

(D) Cosa Nostra is a highly successful and diversified corporation which deals in anything illegal from narcotics to the numbers racket. (E)

(E) The numbers racket is a legalized business in which the Nielsen deals.

—GOODMAN ACE.



"Now we'll owe them a visit."

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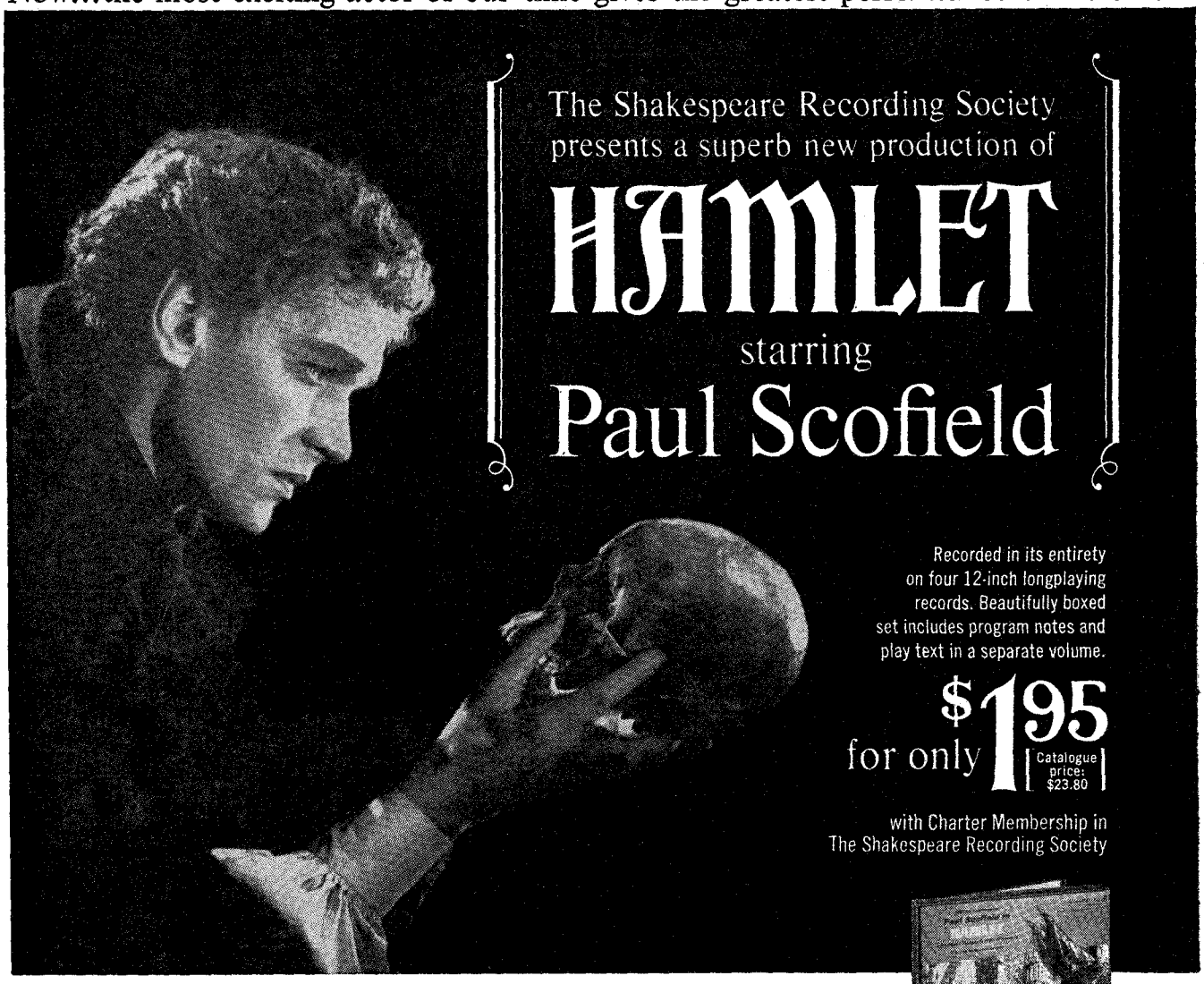
Now...the most exciting actor of our time gives the greatest performance of his career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Position Papers–1964

What Is Liberal Republicanism?

By Arthur Larson

With this issue, *SR* begins a series of articles by leading national spokesmen outlining the positions of the major segments of American political opinion. Articles in the series will be published periodically during this Presidential campaign year. The author of the first article, who wrote the book *A Republican Looks at His Party,* has served as Under Secretary of Labor, director of the United States Information Agency, and Special Assistant to President Eisenhower. He is currently serving as director of the World Rule of Law Center at Duke University.

WHO speaks for an American political party? This question must be squarely faced and clearly answered before an article—or a series of articles—on party positions can be meaningfully undertaken. No matter what I might write here, its relevance to the assigned topic, "The Republican Position," might well be attacked by a chorus of comments to the effect that "these are all fine sentiments, but they are not Republicanism." Some of my friends in the Democratic Party, intending to pay me the supreme compliment, may say, "You are really a Democrat." Some of my critics in the Republican Party, intending to apply the supreme insult, will say exactly the same thing. Indeed, both have done so in the past.

The problem of "who speaks for the party" appears in its most acute form when the party controls neither the White House nor the Congress. If a party controls the White House, but not the Congress, the President speaks for the party, as President Eisenhower did from 1954 to 1960. If the party controls the Congress but not the White House, the Congressional leaders and the Congressional record of actions speak for the party, as in the case of the Democratic Congress from 1954 to 1960.

If the party controls both the White House and the Congress, the total record speaks for the party, although an articulate President can generally dominate the process and give the party his stamp, as in the case of the Democratic Party for most of the period since 1932, with Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy.

If the party controls neither the White House nor Congress—as has been the plight of the Republicans most of the time since 1932 and is right now—there is no generally recognized voice that speaks for the party. There are former Presidents, Congressional leaders, defeated Presidential candidates, National Committee spokesmen, governors, and a few self-appointed ideologists.

THE position of a party, or at any rate its "image," varies sharply according to these four variations in the control pattern and resulting identity of spokesmen. The reason is the product of two factors: the executive, by its nature, is more progressive than the legislative; and a legislative majority necessarily appears more progressive than a legislative opposition.

It follows that if the President speaks for the party, the party appears at its most constructive and enterprising. Similarly, if the legislative leaders speak for the party, the party will appear relatively cautious and conservative. Thus, in 1955 and 1956, I recall that we in the Republican Department of Labor had fourteen important progressive legislative proposals in the field of labor and social legislation. Of these, more than half were never even scheduled for hearing by a Democratic Congress in two years, and only a couple were passed.

If the voice of the party is not only legislative, but legislative *and opposition*, the resulting "image" is one of negativism superimposed upon conservatism—and this has been the posture of the Republican Party for most of the past thirty years. As far as a party "image" is concerned, then, we may paraphrase Lord Acton's dictum and say that power corrupts, and being out of power corrupts absolutely.

The Democratic Party was acutely aware of this problem during the Eisenhower Administration. It attempted to solve it by creating the Democratic Advisory Committee, to provide a more liberal Democratic voice to offset the conservative utterances and record of the Democratic Congress. More recently, the Republicans have made a similar attempt on a much smaller scale, with the creation of the Critical Issues Council under the chairmanship of Dr. Milton Eisenhower.

Since the executive is inherently more progressive than the legislative, the one point at which Republicans have recently been able to create a progressive position is in several major governorships. The chief executive of a state, like the chief executive of the United States, is by the nature of the office engaged in the formulating and promoting of creative action ideas—reforming constitutions, modernizing tax structures, improving roads and other facilities, improving social legislation, attracting industry, and stimulating economic progress. That is why, when a Presidential year rolls around, and when the spotlight focuses on such people as Governor Scranton, Governor Romney, and Governor Rockefeller, the Republican position suddenly begins to look

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much more vigorous and constructive.

Against this backdrop, how does one identify the authentic Republican position in 1964? In one sense, since a party is ultimately its members, the most fundamental source is the position of rank-and-file Republicans as shown by opinion polls. These polls continue to show that an overwhelming majority of Republicans continue to favor the positions sometimes identified with Modern Republicanism, including strong support for the United Nations, Social Security, foreign aid, reciprocal trade, federal aid to schools, getting along with the Russians, arms reduction, and the use of such federal powers as necessary to uphold the law in civil rights cases. The Republican position also has a firm base in the programs of the Eisenhower Administration; these programs, having dominated eight of the past eleven years, are the best available index of what the Republican Party has in fact done at the national level when it was in a position to translate its policies into action.

This is not to say that a Republican candidate should run on any past record, however impressive. He must and should run on his own record and policies and on a program that looks to the future, not the past.

FOR this reason, in a Presidential year, the Republican position will be primarily the position of the Republican Presidential candidate. Of the five most likely nominees, three are governors with aggressive and forward-looking executive programs to their credit—Romney, Rockefeller, and Scranton—and two are men who made distinguished executive records in the Eisenhower Administration: Nixon, as Vice President, and Lodge, as Ambassador to the United Nations. On the strength, then, of the momentum from the Eisenhower Administration, the views of rank-and-file Republicans shown by polls, and the known executive programs of the principal Republican candidates, one should be able to claim authenticity for the Republican position drawn from all these sources.

Now as to the statement of the Republican position itself: the Republican Party has its best opportunity here in convincing the American people that it is the party of principle rather than of improvisation and expediency. This opportunity is particularly conspicuous because the incumbent, President Lyndon B. Johnson, has a record that is long on expediency and short on principle. It would be difficult indeed for anyone to state a set of basic principles characterizing either his record in the Senate or his record in the White House. On civil rights, he has turned up on both sides of the question from time to time, voting against the poll tax amendment about a dozen times, for example, and then warmly making the constitutional amendment his own when it finally passed. In early 1957, he was trying to outdo President Eisenhower's program with his own "program with a heart"; but after his return from the Easter holiday in Texas, he gave the word to cut every appropriation in sight and launch no new programs whatever. His current proposals, which stress economy and spending in about equal proportions, are a magpie's nest of glittering bits and pieces gathered from everywhere, but adding up to no coherent pattern of principle, either domestic or international.

It is interesting to contrast with this display of feverish but patternless activity the habitual resort to principle that was one of President Eisenhower's most noticeable traits. Whenever he made a decision, you could almost watch him tracing it back into the depths of some guiding principle that he had worked out for himself over the years, and, if you asked him why he decided the matter in a particular way, he could immediately relate the particular application to the underlying principle. This observation struck me forcefully in the course of the first private conversation I ever had with him. In the spring of 1954, I had been watching, in a succession of cabinet meetings, the question of all-out American involvement in the Indo-Chinese war hanging in the balance. Eventually, the decision against such intervention was made, and, unsatisfactory as some of the consequences have been, at least a possible setting off of World War III was averted. Some time later, after a White House stag dinner, a clergyman and I were talking with the President, and the clergyman asked, "Mr. President, exactly why did you finally decide not to go to war in Indochina?" Eisenhower thought a brief moment and then replied, "Nobody asked us." After the incredible complications of the Indochina issue, the breathtaking simplicity of this resort to an elementary principle took me completely by surprise. The French had not asked us. The Indo-Chinese had not asked us. It followed that, if we had gone ahead anyway, we would have been subjecting a people and an area to death and devastation solely because *we* thought it was a good idea.

A man—or a party—that knows what

"The proper role of government is to do for people . . . what they cannot of themselves do at all or do so well."

Arthur Larson

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its principles are could not possibly make such a fantastic blunder as the Bay of Pigs invasion, which simultaneously violated the United Nations Charter, a number of inter-American treaties, one of America's oldest criminal statutes, one of the oldest and most universal principles of international law, and the deepest American principles rejecting the use of armed aggression.

Nor would a person who understood and acted on his principles have fatally hesitated at the time of the Panama riots, as President Johnson did. There was a long-standing international agreement, dating from the time of President Eisenhower, that Panamanian and United States flags were to be flown side by side in the Canal Zone. The moment that anyone on the United States payroll, from the government of the Zone on down, flouted that agreement and attempted to substitute his own foreign policy, President Johnson should have pulled every such offender out of the Canal Zone overnight and administered appropriate discipline. This at least would have put the United States, as far as was then possible, in the right and demonstrated clearly its determination to adhere to the principle that a nation must keep its international commitments. The effect could well have been to avoid most of the extremely damaging consequences to relations with Latin America that have ensued.

A good beginning point of principle, then, is an emphatic affirmation that the United States will honor its international agreements and set an example, through its conduct and the way it settles its international disputes, of respect for law in international affairs. President Eisenhower stressed this theme in at least two State of the Union messages, backed by such specific proposals as accepting the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice fully in questions of international law, by repealing the Connally "self-judging" clause under which the United States can unilaterally defeat the Court's jurisdiction at will. This theme has not been heard since the accession of Lyndon Johnson.

Another principle of profound importance to world peace is the principle that the United States must not leave potential aggressors in any uncertainty about our willingness to resist aggression with force. This was the key to the foreign policy of John Foster Dulles. It is one of the great paradoxes of modern history that this principle, which gave us eight years without war and which Dulles formulated largely to avert the mistakes that were made during Democratic administrations prior to World War I, World War II, and the Korean conflict, should have drawn down on the head of Dulles the loudest cries of scorn by his Democratic critics. I heard Dulles expound this line of thought a number of times: that World War I was partly due to the Kaiser's conviction that the United States would never become involved; that World War II was similarly due in considerable measure to Hitler's confidence that the United States would never fight; and that the Korean war was due in part to the belief of the North Koreans that the United States had made a policy decision that South Korea was not within the orbit of areas for which it would fight. "At least," Dulles would always conclude, "no one is going to make that kind of mistake about us again."

Nor did they, so long as his policies were in force. But when the Administration changed, it was not long before Khrushchev, apparently in some doubt about how firmly the United States would react, made his lunge with missiles into Cuba. Fortunately, there was just time to turn the lunge back without bloody conflict, but the fact that it was attempted at all only serves to confirm the importance of the principle here discussed.

One more example from the international field: President Eisenhower followed the rule—and the Republican Party should make this one of its central themes: when other measures fail, do it through the United Nations. The most notable example was his insistence that the Congolese government get its help, not from the United States, which would have precipitated a cold war showdown in Africa, but from the United Nations—with the fullest support of U.N. actions by the U.S., of course. Moreover, he constantly turned to the U.N. as the logical organization to implement such creative proposals as the open skies program, atoms for peace, and the monitoring of propaganda broadcasts. In spite of some appropriate pro-U.N. utterances, it is difficult to see any such principle operative in the actual handling of international affairs by the present Administration.

"I know I was destined for greatness. I just couldn't find my category."

SINCE this discussion of principles is intended to be only illustrative, not definitive, it may be sufficient to add merely one more example, this time from domestic affairs. There is a quotation from Lincoln, almost unknown before the Eisenhower Administration, which virtually became the motto of the Republican Party. The "Lincoln formula" states that the proper role of government is to do for people what needs to be done, but what they cannot of themselves do at all or do so well. Implicit in this formula is the best working test on how far a government, in a private enterprise economy, should go in such matters as social security, business regulation, housing, health, and dozens of other governmental services and activities.

No such guiding principle was visible, for example, during the Truman Administration. Thus, in his enthusiasm for federal aid to housing, President Truman ultimately was pushing a program even for federal aid to middle-income housing—at a level of income, in

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other words, where private financing could do the job just as well or better. Similarly, the Truman health services plan carried governmental involvement in medical and hospital services far beyond what was necessary to deal with those specific areas, such as old age, where the job apparently could not be done by private insurance.

A good example of the Lincoln formula applied to this specific problem is the Javits bill on hospital and medical care for the aged. His bill is based upon a study and recommendations by a private nonpartisan group of citizens, under the chairmanship of Arthur Flemming, former Republican Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, including another former Republican Secretary of HEW, Marion Folsom, a former Republican Under Secretary of Labor, and a number of distinguished representatives of the medical profession, insurance, and other interested groups. The distinctive feature of the bill is that, following the Lincoln formula, it clearly assigns not only the governmental position of the task—Social Security provision of hospital and other institutional costs for the aged—but also the task of the private sector: provision for the remainder of the job, including surgical and general medical costs, through a consortium of private insurers authorized by law and aided by special tax, antitrust, and other legislative adjustments. Because of this feature, the bill effectively answers the principal argument against previous bills—that is, the argument that the provision of Social Security hospital benefits is only an entering wedge, to be followed by complete governmental takeover of medical, surgical, and other insurance for retired persons. Since the Javits bill, once and for all, through legislation earmarks the entire field exclusive of hospital and institutional benefits for the private sector, there is no further unclaimed territory to be occupied by future federal encroachment. This piece of legislation, because it deals with one of the potentially most important issues of 1964, is something that any Republican candidate could proudly hold forth as a complete and not merely piecemeal approach to the health needs of retired persons.

Finally, in addition to such matters of principle as these and their concrete expression in sound action proposals, the Republicans have an intangible but enormous possible advantage in their opportunity to convince the American people that they are better qualified to be entrusted with the Presidency as a matter of sheer competence in government. This factor has been operative in Great Britain for a long time and helps to account for the fact that the Conservative Party seems to be in office

most of the time in a country living under policies that strike Americans as anything but conservative. Americans are far too inclined to judge Presidents by some sort of box score on their success in driving legislative programs through Congress. This tends to obscure the most direct Presidential responsibility, which is to carry on the international relations and executive operations of the United States. In the international function, the responsibility is entirely the President's, except at a few points where ratification or legislation is needed. If this job is badly done, the President cannot shift the blame to Congress—as he can always try to do if Congress blocks his legislative program. The same can be said about the President's primary responsibility for administering the vast executive branch of government, with its multifarious operating agencies.

A reputation as the party that can be depended upon to carry on these crucial international relations and wide-ranging governmental operations at home with the highest standards of competence and rectitude can be an important if not decisive element in the 1964 Presidential campaign.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CAREER WOMEN REMINISCE

American women who have pursued a variety of callings have frequently set down accounts of their careers for the delectation of their fellow-citizens of both sexes. The group below has been assembled by Helen Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, who asks you to assign the right autobiographies to the right autobiographers. Identifications are made on page 41.

1. Lilly Daché	( ) *My Lord, What a Morning!*
2. Hedda Hopper	( ) *Talking through My Hats*
3. Janet Scudder	( ) *Glow of Candlelight*
4. Mary Richmond	( ) *From Under My Hat*
5. Mary Sullivan	( ) *Unending Journey*
6. Theresa Helburn	( ) *Modeling My Life*
7. Patricia Murphy	( ) *My Crystal Ball*
8. Marion Anderson	( ) *A Wayward Quest*
9. Elizabeth Wallace	( ) *My Double Life*
10. Elisabeth Marbury	( ) *The Long View*

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Richmond's Quiet Revolution

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY, *editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

RICHMOND, the ancient capital of the Confederacy, has given striking evidence that legal, nonviolent methods are the most effective, lasting way for the Negroes of the United States to win rights and opportunities long denied them.

Steady pressure in the courts and other firm yet peaceful means have won for the colored citizens of Richmond a whole series of victories, the majority of them well in advance of the recent rash of mob demonstrations.

Since Richmond is not given to tooting its own horn—certain prevailing impressions to the contrary notwithstanding—the rest of the country is not aware of what has been accomplished in building better racial attitudes in that supposed citadel of conservatism.

The liberal Washington *Post* devoted almost a full page on July 29, 1962, to an article by a staff reporter, Robert A. Baker, bearing the eight-column headline "Richmond Quietly Leads Way in Race Relations." Baker stated, after an exhaustive survey of the subject, that "the progress . . . made in desegregation and non-discrimination in Richmond is one of the exciting racial stories in the South."

He went on to declare that "the city has adopted a fair employment policy in municipal jobs unique in the South," and that "perhaps nowhere else in the country, certainly nowhere else in the South, do Negroes use their vote with more sophistication."

As a result of these and other advances achieved in Richmond without uproar or fanfare, race relations there are far more amicable than they are in other places on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line. The race hatreds, the bitter tensions that exist in so many other cities are nowhere to be seen.

How did this come about? Is there a magic formula that Richmond has been able to use in adjusting more readily to the new dispensation?

There is hardly a magic formula, but for one thing, Richmond has always had satisfactory race relations. Down the years, there has been good feeling and a minimum of roughneck interracial behavior on both sides. And, given the relative cordiality that has generally prevailed and the greater degree of communication, the city's white leaders were a bit earlier than some in realizing that the times called for greater opportunities and better treatment for colored citizens. They saw, too, that certain court decisions had been handed down, that others were on the way, and that the best long-term results would be obtained if a few reasonable concessions were made voluntarily, rather than under compulsion.

A second major reason for the quiet progress that has taken place is to be found in the fact that no doubt has ever existed that law and order would be preserved in Richmond. The city's exceptionally able and levelheaded police leadership has given both whites and Negroes to understand that the legal rights of everyone would be protected but that, at the same time, everyone would have to obey the law. When Negro pickets have gone into action peaceably in front of department stores and motion picture theaters in recent years, they have been protected by the police from possible molestation by white hoodlums, as long as they complied with city ordinances.

Another factor in Richmond's calm interracial situation is the large number of Negro voters. Use of the ballot by colored citizens has been uninhibited for decades. For several years there have been voting precincts whose officials are all white, others whose officials are both white and colored, and still others that are staffed by all-colored personnel.

SOME 14,000 Negro citizens are qualified to vote in Richmond today, or about one-third as many as the qualified whites. A Negro drive is under way to raise the figure to 20,000, or almost half the white total. In proportion to the number in both races who have met the franchise requirements, the Negroes vote more regularly than the whites. Already they hold the balance of power in city elections, and for some time they have been responsible for putting several members of the all-white nine-man Council into office. In the voting last November, they played a major role in the election of the first two Republicans chosen for the Virginia Legislature from Richmond since Reconstruction.

The Negroes of Richmond appear to feel, and rightly, that the potency they are able to wield through the ballot box will stand them in much greater stead for the future than sending mobs into the streets.

Significant, too, is the fact that Richmond's white "power structure" is decidedly forward-looking and realistically aware that we are living in changing times. Whereas the view is held in certain quarters that an atavistic stuffiness and propensity for gazing on past glories prevails in this historic city, whose streets have been trod by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and Robert E. Lee, the facts are otherwise. Richmond's eyes are on the present and future.

IT would not, however, be accurate to suggest that the leading bankers and businessmen, industrialists and professional men of Virginia's capital city welcome every aspect of the new era of race relations. By and large, they are strongly opposed to wholesale integration of the races. At the same time, they have come to realize that certain changes are overdue. Furthermore, they believe in compliance with court orders, when all appeals from such orders have been exhausted. These leading citizens have helped notably to direct local race relations into orderly and constructive channels.

A white banker was chairman of the biracial commission that played an important part in working out a solution when the two principal department stores were picketed several years ago. Another white banker and a colored banker are co-chairmen of the biracial commission that has succeeded the earlier one. The first of the two commissions went out of existence when the department store crisis was surmounted.

The sane and reasonable character of Richmond's Negro leadership is another vital factor in putting the city in the interracial van among Southern centers of population. The faculty and students of Virginia Union University, a Negro institution, have been influential in this regard, as have a number of prominent colored business and professional men. Richmond has long been recognized as one of the country's chief centers of Negro business, and substantial banking and insurance companies have their principal offices in the city. The orderly picketing in Richmond can be attributed in part to the leadership of the older heads in the colored community, as well as to the relative moderation of the colored undergraduates.

Top members of the Negro community are heading the newly formed Richmond Improvement Coordinating Council. This apparently unique organization seeks wider opportunities for colored men and women, while stress-

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ing positive preparation for citizenship —a much-to-be-desired emphasis. The Council is attacking such shortcomings as Negro crime, illegitimacy, and school dropouts.

A biracial City School Board, which has enjoyed exceptionally sound, balanced, and knowledgeable leadership during the difficult decade through which we have just passed, and a City School Superintendent with the ability, tact, and courage required to carry Richmond through the most complex interracial era it has faced in modern times were other all-important elements in bringing the happy results that we see today.

Finally, the traditions of genteel behavior, of courtesy and fair dealing for which Richmond has been known, have played their part. As one of the older cities of America, a city with a long cultural tradition, with excellent public schools for both races and several centers of higher learning, the atmosphere is conducive to a mature approach to difficult situations.

Richmond has the biggest percentage of colored citizens (42 per cent) of any of the larger Southern cities. If Richmond's Negro community had wished to use mob action of the type employed elsewhere in recent months, that community, by virtue of its size, was in a particularly advantageous position to do so. But the city's colored leaders evidently recognized that this is not the way to get lasting results.

THE Negroes of Richmond have used petitions to the authorities, suits in the courts, peaceful picketing, and "selective buying" to accomplish their objectives. At no point has there been anything resembling mob rule. James Baldwin said some months ago that many Northern cities stand "on the edge of conflagration." In Richmond all is calm, as of this writing. In these mercurial days, there could be a sudden change, but it appears improbable.

Let us consider some of the steps that have been taken to put Richmond in so fortunate a position.

As long ago as 1947 the Richmond Public Library was opened to all races. This was done voluntarily by the library board, of which this writer was a member. The chief objector, when the move was first suggested, was the librarian, a native of New Hampshire. He foresaw various unfortunate results if the library were desegregated. He was overruled and none of his fears was realized.

The year following, in 1948, a Negro ran for City Council from the city at large and was elected. He served for two years and made a good record.

In 1950 the first colored firemen were appointed. They have been serving ever since, and there are twelve on the force now. One attained the rank of captain in command of an all-Negro fire station. He was killed a short time ago in line of duty. Since then, the Negro fire station has been abolished and its members have been distributed among the other stations.

IN 1953 the first Negro policemen were named. There are now thirty-six, the highest rank being that of detective sergeant. They have been a genuine asset. These colored officers have exactly the same authority as the white officers, they are not confined to any section of the city, and they arrest white citizens whenever they find reason to do so.

Three years later, in 1956, the buses of the city were desegregated, without any untoward consequences. Year before last the bus company began employing Negro drivers.

The first opening of a previously all-white public school to colored pupils came in the session of 1960-61, when two such pupils were admitted to a junior high school. The number has increased steadily since, with no clashes of any kind. A total of 369 Negro boys and girls has been admitted to heretofore white public schools in Richmond for the session of 1963-64.

In earlier times, there were no colored principals in Richmond, even for all-colored schools. The first one was appointed in 1933, and all such schools have had colored principals for nearly fifteen years.

All city parks were desegregated several years ago. The municipal tennis courts have been open to members of both races since 1960. Last summer members of both races competed there against each other in the annual public parks tournament. The City Stadium is open to all without discrimination of any kind. There is no municipal golf course.

One point at which there has been no desegregation is in the municipal swimming pools. Several years ago, the pool for whites and the pool for Negroes fell into disrepair. Considerable sums would have been required to put them in proper condition. It was decided to close them both. The imminence

(*Continued on page* 28)

"There it goes again—a sound like a long, low, muffled cry."

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Three Years Later

THREE years ago this month, *Saturday Review* became part of the McCall Corporation. Our reasons for making the change were discussed on this page at that time. Since then, readers have written asking whether we felt this change has worked out for the best. This piece, then, is in the nature of an interim report.

From the beginning, the stance of the McCall Corporation was that the resources and facilities of the company were available to us for such use as we might wish to make of them, but that McCall's would take no initiative in that direction. Editorial and business policy would continue to be made by *Saturday Review*.

One obvious and substantial facility, of course, was McCall's printing division, which possessed some of the finest magazine press equipment in the world. For many years, *Saturday Review* had been printed by the Blanchard Press, with its Rumford Press division in Concord, New Hampshire. From the first day of our relationship, Mr. Francis Ehrenberg, head of the Blanchard Press, found ways of being of service to *Saturday Review* far beyond the high quality of printing he provided. During the depression years, the difference to a magazine between being on the presses and being in the morgue was often represented by the kind of printer you had for a friend or, more precisely, the kind of friend you had for a printer.

Francis Ehrenberg was such a friend. At the time McCall acquired *SR*, therefore, we made known our desire to stay with Blanchard as long as possible. The McCall Corporation concurred in this decision. It was natural and inevitable, of course, that ultimately our printing would be done inside the family. This change will take place later this year. In making it, we wish to express our high opinion of and gratitude to Mr. Ehrenberg and all the workers of the Blanchard Press and its Rumford division.

Another use of the McCall resources has to do with the special full-color art sections that have appeared in the magazine from time to time. It would not have been possible, for example, for us to have published the recent special section in color on private art collections without the kind of facilities that McCall's arranged to put at our disposal. The section was produced in record time and the insert was shipped to Rumford in Concord, New Hampshire, to be bound into the finished copies.

Another prime benefit to *SR* has come about through the Editorial Committee, consisting of the editors of *McCall's*, *Redbook*, and *Saturday Review*, the three units of the magazine division of the company. Instead of confining itself to publishing problems, the editorial committee has unabashedly sought to broaden its knowledge about the principal issues of our time. Among the men who have met with the committee in sustained discussion—and sometimes debate—have been U Thant, Secretary-General of the U.N.; Pierre Salinger, Presidential press secretary; Franklin D. Murphy, Chancellor of the University of California; Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; Richard M. Nixon; Senator William Benton; Gabriel Hauge, economist; Alvin C. Eurich, president of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies; Francis Keppel, U.S. Commissioner of Education; Henry R. Luce, editor of *Time* and *Life;* Ambassador Llewellyn E. Thompson; John B. Oakes, chief of the editorial page of the *New York Times;* Paul G. Hoffman of the United Nations Special Fund; General Lucius D. Clay; Marion Harper, Jr., president of Interpublic, Inc.

On one occasion, the entire Editorial Committee journeyed to Dublin, New Hampshire, to spend a full day with Grenville Clark, the distinguished private citizen and co-author of *World Peace Through World Law* who for more than half a century has been a constructive influence on the long-term relationship of the United States to the rest of the world.

The course and outcome of these meetings, as might be expected, have been somewhat varied; but they have been unfailingly productive in stimulating dialogues on the key questions before America and the world. In some instances, material developed at the meetings has gone into the making of editorial content for the magazines.

• • •

The new relationship has not been without challenges or problems. About a year ago, there was reason to believe that some of the editorial positions taken by *Saturday Review* might be detrimental to McCall's. When the question came to a head, Norton Simon and Herbert Mayes, representing leadership of the company, said that whether or not this was true, the editors of *Satur-*

(Continued on page 25)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Smoking Debate (Contd.)

TODAY I READ YOUR very excellent editorial "The Danger Beyond Smoking" [*SR*, Jan. 25] to my three senior writing classes and asked them to write their reactions to it. Perhaps you will be interested to know of some typical responses among high school students. The following are excerpts from their papers, written in class immediately after hearing the editorial read:

• "Indifference does seem to be the American norm as evidenced in poor voting turnouts, dwindling school spirit, as well as unconcern about the tragic problems of so many minority groups, and even health and safety hazards for oneself."

• "This is the type article I like to read. I don't *enjoy* its content because many of the ideas are in opposition to what I would like to believe. Just the same, I like to read an article that makes me think!"

• "With today's devices for longevity so great, we should plan for a long life or true happiness and fulfillment, and then be willing to work to reach those goals. We can never experience the full wonder of life no matter how great its duration."

• "The fact that we are ungodly people, in spite of more churches and more church attendance than most countries have, is revealed in the fact that at heart we live on the premise, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.'"

• "If our America is made up of people who don't care if they live or die, what kind of fight could we give to save our country from such forces as crime, disease, and especially Communism?"

• "My reaction to this editorial is not one of great surprise. The world is in such bad shape that if society did not frown upon suicide, there would be many more than there are now when suicide rates are at a peak. Not enough people take a stand against *gradual suicide*."

• "I have been thinking about these very ideas and wondering when I would see an article in print that presented this point of view. It seems to me that this type of writing will encourage more people to stop smoking than articles which merely document the dangers of smoking from the health standpoint."

• "It is not the evil of smoking itself which disturbs me, but the way in which thousands of Americans disregard the warning, almost impudently defying their mortality. I wish that every person in our country could read this editorial and give it serious thought."

GERTRUDE NYSTROM,
Wheaton High School.
Wheaton, Ill.

INSTEAD OF indifference, the danger beyond smoking may be that man's preoccupation with the importance of life and with prolonging his own life is more dangerous than either smoking or insensitivity to the principles of human plasticity, perfectibility, and growth.

As an ex-pipe smoker who stopped because of the expense, the time spent, the smoke in my eyes, and the offensiveness of stale tobacco to my non-smoking wife, I am almost tempted to start again (this time with cigarettes) in order to testify to an acceptance of the imperfectibility of man.

Let us be cautious in identifying indifference with violence. On the contrary, it is often the arrogance that comes from self-esteem that allows and encourages a man to do violence to other men. The resignation to death, on the other hand, makes it unnecessary to manipulate others to maintain one's own life or even one's own way. If smoking is a symbol of our willingness to die, then let us light up.

WILLIAM HENRY YOUNG.
Auberry, Calif.

"If the bomb is dropped, does the market drop with it?"

Bouquets and Bourbon

AS AN ENSIGN in World War I, may I be permitted to violate Naval regulations by saluting T/Sgt. J. Ciardi, 11069345 (ex), for his challenging rebuttal in MANNER OF SPEAKING [*SR*, Jan. 18]. Make mine bourbon on the rocks, 100 proof.

DAVID F. SIBLEY.
Boston, Mass.

Cleaning Up

I WAS SURPRISED, when reading Kay Haugaard's "Plea for the Preservation of the Anglo-Saxon Four-letter Word" [PHOENIX NEST, Jan. 18], to see the name of *Fanny Hill* included in a list of books that, she claims, have caused said four-letter words to become common, and consequently less powerful, in our culture. Obviously Miss Haugaard has not read *Fanny Hill*. Although it consists of "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," there is not one "four-letter word" in the whole unabridged text. To quote Peter Quennell's introduction to the book, "Fanny Hill would have shuddered at *Lady Chatterley*. . . . the roughness and coarseness of the dialogue she would have found unspeakably offensive."

MARY WARDLOW.
Champaign, Ill.

Bristling with Facts

WITH INTEREST I NOTE in the PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Feb. 8] the encyclopedic article on the camel. The author should have included with his "everybody knows" paragraph that "camel's hair is good for paintbrushes." It isn't. So-called camel's hair artist brushes, to make it confusing, are made of *squirrel* hair, the best of which used to come from Siberia: Kazan, red and reddish gray; Sakkamina, "blue"; and Talahutky, gray with a dark stripe.

"Camel hair" (squirrel) was never used for paintbrushes; it was widely used before the introduction of spray coating for the application of Japan colors, thin lacquers (not the present synthetic types), and light-bodied varnishes. It is still used for water-color, artist, lettering, and striping brushes.

The hair from the camel is unsuited to brushes—at least by Western standards—because it is kinky and coarse. I do not profess to know if it is used in textiles, but having spent some thirty-five years in the brush industry and having written a booklet, "All About Brushes," I am surer of my ground there. . . .

KENT D. CURRIE.
Haymarket, Va.

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Screwball Stuff

HOWARD HAWKS, a director who is highly esteemed by professionals and by some fervent and knowledgeable film coteries here and abroad, recently said that he was very much afraid of a picture that was well liked by critics. In the past I have liked and taken pleasure from such films of his as *Red River, Bringing Up Baby, To Have and Have Not,* and *The Big Sky.* Although I don't remember any noticeable harm coming to any of them, Mr. Hawks may want to feel reassured that *this* critic, at least, does not like his latest movie, *Man's Favorite Sport.* In fact, I haven't liked any of his more recent movies either, including *Land of the Pharaohs, Rio Bravo,* and *Hatari!,* a statement which will probably get me excommunicated from all avant-garde film societies.

"The Hawksian hero," I read somewhere, "is upheld by an instinctive professionalism." Mr. Hawks may have read this, too, and thereby gained the idea for *Man's Favorite Sport.* This film deals with a man (Rock Hudson) who is supposed to be a professional fly-caster, but who has actually never snagged with a fishhook anything more noteworthy than a hat. A salesman for Abercrombie and Fitch (San Francisco branch), he is entered in a fly-casting competition in which, in great fear and trembling and while doing everything wrong, he lands several gigantic fish and wins. A simple enough idea, but one which, in the capable hands of Mr. Hawks, could be expected to generate a lot of laughs. It doesn't, although the picture abounds with sight gags.

We see Rock Hudson trying to put up one of those newfangled tents, wearing pneumatic, drownproof waders that inflate on him and turn him head down into the water; we see him backing into a bear and running *on top* of the water to get away; we see him catching a trout by snagging his line on a tree branch, causing the hungry fish to leap out of the water to take the dangling bait. This might have been funnier than it turns out to be if one weren't aware of the directorial engineering required to get these effects. But a larger trouble, I suspect, is that Mr. Hawks and his writers haven't made people out of the players. Rock Hudson seems to have no identifiable personality or background. He is simply there, and less a fact of life than a fact of the movies. He looks pleasant, he smiles, he frowns, but his natural bodily essences appear to be missing.

Mr. Hawks has surrounded him with three pretty girls. One of these is Paula Prentiss, who does have a personality, but seems lost as to what to do with it in the movie. "You *love* Rock in this picture," someone probably told her, and dutifully she tries to love Rock, but she doesn't put any feeling into it; on the other hand, he summons up no passion when called upon (by the director) to return her love. Another girl, Maria Perschy, is billed as a "discovery" of Hawks's. She has no function in the story, although now and then a sight gag is invented in which she participates. A third girl, Charlene Holt, tries to act jealous and is said to be his fiancée, but she seems relieved to be trundled off the set and out of the picture. The impression given is that all of these people have been dredged up out of memories of other movies.

Out of one of the very groups that has enshrined Howard Hawks in a pantheon of great directors comes a new director, Adolfas Mekas, whose film, *Hallelujah the Hills,* was one of the few American entries at the Lincoln Center Film Festival and is about to go into national distribution. The story concocted by Mr. Mekas is less absurd than nonsensical and seems designed to allow two young actors to cavort for an hour and a half in front of a camera, making fun of not anything in particular, but simply having fun. There's a girl they both love, and she has been won by "the horrible Gideon," an inside joke. They work out their frustration in a Vermont landscape by parodying outdoor situations in countless movies they have presumably seen. Some of the parodies are funny, and Mr. Mekas shows his own knowledgeability by running through several of the old-time screen fades, wipes, and dissolves. But Mekas, a member of the self-proclaimed film avant-garde, shares the same fault as Hawks of the Hollywood old guard. He has not called upon life, emotion, feeling, or imagination for his film. The world he seems to live in is a world of the movies, and in the case of both Mekas and Hawks it's a curiously sterile world. I would think it also something of an unhealthy one, representing as it does a state of mind divorced from reality.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Just for the Fun of It

MEL SHAVELSON, one of Hollywood's more literate wits, was talking the other day about the troubles he had encountered in preparing his latest script, *The Greatest Job in*

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the World. Shavelson had envisioned it in part as a satire on movie production in Rome, in part as a parody of some of the better known European "art" films. It also had a love story. "When I submitted it," he said, "the studio promptly fell in love with the love story and hounded me to take out the rest. 'Who's going to know about 8½?' they asked me. So now I have *two* scripts—one a kind of satire and parody of European production, and the other is Holly Golightly in Rome. But I suppose I shouldn't complain. A few years back, the studios were even afraid to do comedy, much less satire. The only thing is, it's the satire I really want to make."

The sobering fact is that, ever since the great days of Preston Sturges, domestic satire has been notably lacking from the American screen. Not that Americans can no longer write it (as witness Mel Shavelson), or can no longer film it (as witness Stanley Kubrick); they just can't do it here. Shavelson feels that the roots of this timidity extend beyond the studios into the banks that are the source of most film financing in this country. Himself a producer-writer-director for Paramount, he observed, "Only a star name is bankable, even today. They won't rely on talent. They can't read scripts. And so they put their money on the 'chemistry' of star combinations to bring people to the box office. And they wonder why the critics say that the most interesting and original pictures are being produced abroad."

As if in affirmation comes Blake Edwards's *The Pink Panther*, a Rome-based comedy about jewel thievery in the Elsa Maxwell set. Most of the time, the pace is headlong and hilarious, with each scene clipped short to stab right into the action of the next. It is good-looking, too, replete with shots of the glamorous Cortina d'Ampezzo ski slopes and lodges, the streets and palaces of Rome, glimpses of Florence and Venice—just what Ross Hunter would do if he ever turned to slapstick. And it has the ubiquitous Peter Sellers as a bumbling Sherlock Holmes (or Maigret), Capucine as his faithful wife, David Niven as the thief she is faithful to, Robert Wagner as his equally crooked nephew, comely Claudia Cardinale as the royal and rightful owner of the fabulous diamond known as "The Pink Panther," another lithe and bouncy score by Henry Mancini, and the cleverest, brightest title animations since Saul Bass revolutionized the business.

In fact, apart from an interminable seduction scene that seems to have slipped in from another picture also starring David Niven and Claudia Cardinale, *The Pink Panther* is a happy concatenation of fresh dialogue and suave variations on old sight gags. Sellers has a unique ability to make even a pratfall sophisticated; and Edwards has furnished his every scene with some familiar bit of business—the stumble in the dark, the Alphonse-Gaston routine at a doorway, the candles that are really fireworks—in the certainty that his star will transform it into something deft and delicious. And Sellers never fails. His look of quiet reproach as a doorknob comes off in his hand, his polite fumblings with a particularly recalcitrant knot to a dressing gown while Capucine looks on cool and inviting in her bed, his superb aplomb despite every conceivable disaster become masterful understatements of materials that most comics have been overplaying since the birth of the movies.

And yet, despite Sellers's drolleries and Edwards's finesse, one wishes that the film could have been more, that it could have stood on firmer legs. One thinks of the current crop of Italian comedies, which dredge their humor from the social milieu, or the caustic bite to the films that used to pour out of England's Ealing studios. These have an edge, a pungency that lifts them beyond the realm of mere rib-tickling. But satire, by its very nature, is not calculated to please everybody. And, as Mel Shavelson pointed out, Hollywood's comedies are.

A Global Affair is a Bob Hope comedy that takes itself far too seriously. Hope, working for the United Nations, discovers a foundling abandoned in the U.N. building and is instructed to find a suitable parent for it. Since this involves not only the laws of natural selection but certain political considerations as well, Hope is handed the opportunity to ogle a bevy of international beauties (or, in the publicity for the picture, "Global Girls"). Much of the film's humor stems from a supposedly irresistible Hope being courted by the girls and from dialogue that presumes words like "martuni" are irresistibly funny. The whole is just a little like those U.N. Christmas cards—well-intended, reasonably good-looking, terribly sincere, and overfamiliar. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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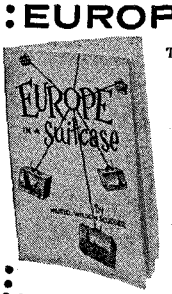

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Metaphor in Metal

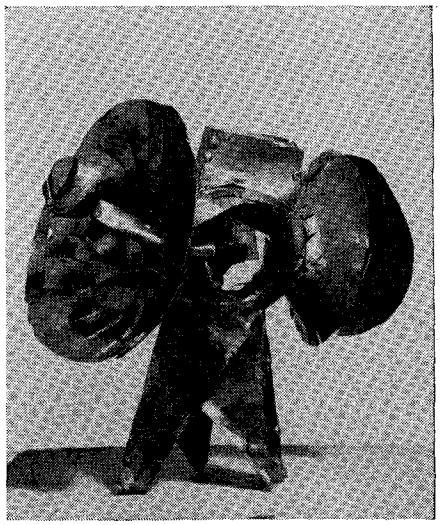
THE American sculptor Seymour Lipton has been doubly honored this month. His large metal *Archangel,* commissioned for Lincoln Center, was unveiled February 18 in Philharmonic Hall, while at the same time an important exhibition of his work is about to close after a six-week showing at the Phillips Collection in Washington, a museum of impeccable standards. Recognition from this unique institution is one of the highest accolades an artist can receive.

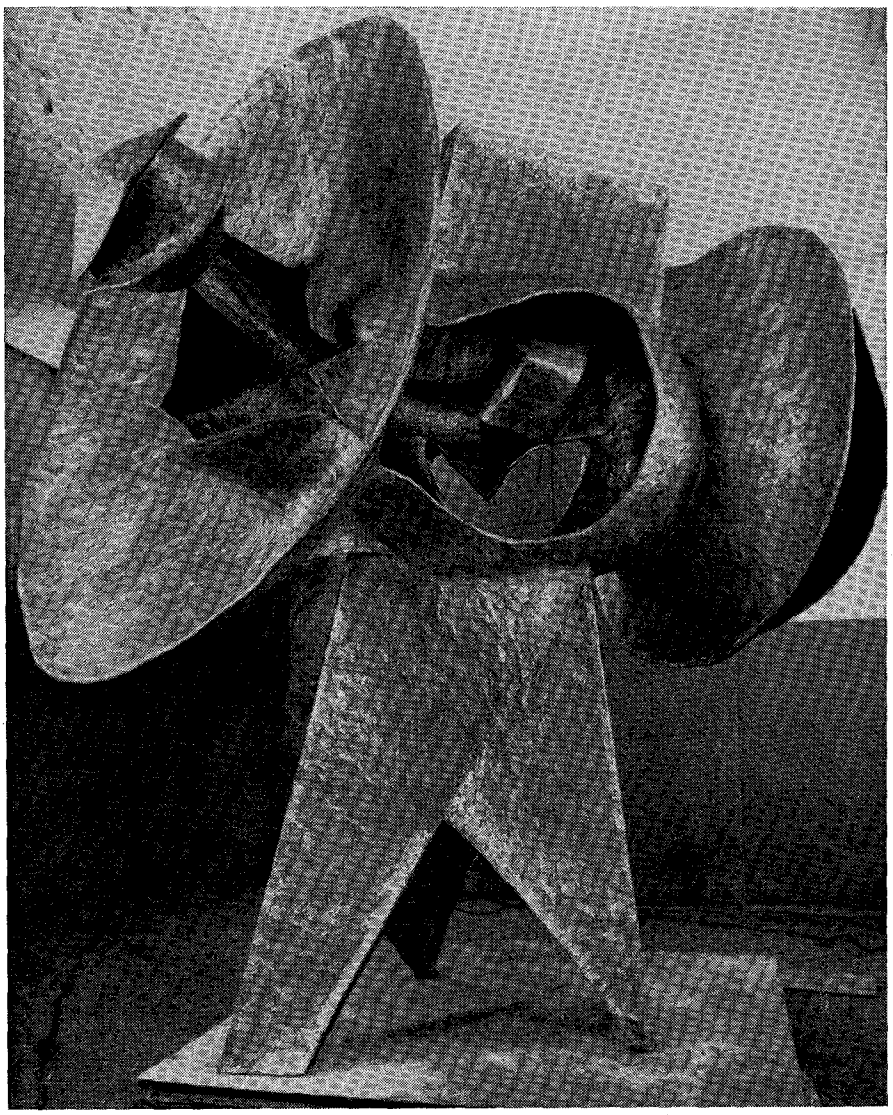
The exhibition, a highly selective one and happily not too large, stressed Lipton's outstanding works prior to *Archangel,* indisputably his masterpiece to date. In the intimate surroundings of the Washington gallery, one witnessed the slow, steady development of this sixty-one-year-old artist's evolving credo. Step by step, we see his personal style maturing from an early, only partially realized monel metal figure called *Germinal* to the heavier, more assured works of the last half-decade. The exhibition at the Phillips is especially memorable for the year 1960, when Lipton produced a commanding sculpture titled *Manuscript,* an unfolding symbol of man's conscious history.

From beginning to end the show focused on the artist's consuming interest in growth, in the secret fluorescence of natural and human life. *Germinal,* the name of the earliest sculpture included, set the pace psychologically for the entire exhibition. Symbols were everywhere interchangeable. An uncoiling *Scroll* identifies with familiar forms in nature no less than with a record of man's achievements. An open yet intertwined structure with the title *Desert Briar* on second look turns into a skeletal human mask. The best of Lipton's work is in a constant state of metamorphosis. Life is seen evolving, never static or final.

AS Duncan Phillips observes in the catalogue, "Lipton's inventive craftsmanship is one with his imagination." Working directly with flat sheets of steel and monel metal, the latter a special bronze noted for its light silvery color, the artist cuts, bends, combines, and welds the material to his will. He uses these metals because they lend themselves readily to the convoluted forms basic to his sculpture. Moreover, color, patina, and final finish are not casual matters with Lipton; it is evident that he feels that different concep-

Metamorphosis of Seymour Lipton's *Archangel*—Top left, crayon drawing; bottom left, 9½-inch model in monel metal; right, completed sculpture in warehouse before being installed at Lincoln Center.





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tions demand different surface handling.

Since early in August the artist has been working on *Archangel*, a heroic sculpture installed last week in Philharmonic Hall. After studying the space allotted him on the main floor facing Broadway, Lipton concluded that "a work of baroque amplitude was needed, something to play against the horizontals and perpendiculars of the building's interior."

Rich in metaphor, *Archangel* condenses many symbols into a single experience. One senses the presence of a winged personage; one recalls the process of hearing; one listens for echoing cymbals. Even the suggestion of burgeoning plants is implicit. Lipton describes the work as one "in a series of 'hero' images dating back to 1948. The 'hero' for me is the potential force in Everyman—the continued renewal of life. *Archangel* is the winged messenger from on high surmounting dark forces of evil in a clash of cymbals."

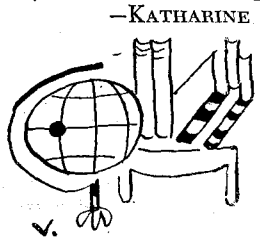
The sculpture is an authentic abstraction, a complex form derived from various concrete ideas and made at once more forceful and poetic by its reduction to symbols. To combine these varied elements realistically in one structure could only result in diffusion. But abstracted from reality, they produce a single impact, conveying the idea of music and man on multiple levels. What better monument for Philharmonic Hall! Lipton himself says, "Overtones of music were part of the sculpture's spirit. When I made the final drawings, I felt the *Messiahs* of Handel and Bach."

LIKE other thoughtful artists of our century, he realizes that abstraction is not an end in itself but a tool to intensify meaning. For him it permits contractions that assimilate numerous ideas in one concerted image. This is particularly reassuring today when abstractions are often produced so heedlessly as to forfeit their validity, sometimes turning into little more than decorative exercises. Though always an abstract artist, Lipton is never nonobjective, his work emerging as it does from pivotal points of departure. Again, to quote Duncan Phillips, "He is essentially a humanist . . . but in a conceptual and technical sense, of course, which is the opposite of optical and incidental." In one word, this artist deals with man.

The interior workings of *Archangel* are inextricably related to its outer form, which at times is sliced open to reveal the sculpture's inner structure. Reflecting the idea of genesis, strong outward male thrusts seem to complement shrouded feminine mysteries. Looking into the figure from various angles is an integral part of the total experience.

To trace the development of a sculpture like *Archangel* is to realize how vitally trial and error affected the final work. Preliminary drawings by the dozens were made only to be discarded. After approximately 150 sketches, Lipton constructed several small, three-dimensional metal models. When these failed to satisfy him, he went back to drawing and ultimately settled on a working sketch from which he evolved a 9½-inch monel metal model. The finished sculpture is nine feet high, a dimension related to the architectural requirements of Philharmonic Hall. *Archangel's* gold-bronze finish, tempered surface, and recessed hollows make for an apparition of luminous highlights and dusky shadows.

Lipton has come a long way from the arduous years when he supported his family as a dentist, finding only stolen moments for his sculpture. The first time I visited him, almost twenty years ago, he was working in a tiny studio adjacent to his office. Even in those excessively cramped quarters he was producing experimental metal sculpture that already bristled with his personal stamp. —KATHARINE KUH.



In March Don't Miss

The Pre-Raphaelites at the Herron Museum of Art, Indianapolis. A major exhibition of works by British nineteenth-century artists who emulated the romantic aspects of Renaissance painting. Closes March 22.

Vincent Van Gogh at the Washington (D.C.) Gallery of Modern Art. For the last time, this much-traveled collection of paintings and drawings will visit America. After Washington, the show will be seen at the Guggenheim Museum in New York and then will be permanently housed in a special museum in Holland. Closes March 18.

Toulouse-Lautrec at Wildenstein & Co., New York. This exhibition, including over fifty paintings, thirty drawings, and numerous graphic works, has been lent by American and foreign collections. Closes March 14.

Art of the Northwest Coast Indians at the Art Institute of Chicago. More than 200 objects in wood, ivory, horn, bone, and copper lent by twenty museums in the United States and Canada show the vigor, invention, and complexity of Northwest Coast primitive art. Opens March 13.

Editorial

Continued from page 20

day Review could not and should not change their positions or policies on this account. It was natural, Mr. Simon said, that freedom, whether applied to a magazine or a society, should create problems and even penalties. But it was even more important to be aware of the benefits of freedom and put them to work. He suggested that we look past the penalties to the opportunities. The net result of the episode was a substantial boost to our morale.

Another problem occurred only a few weeks ago. When the U.S. Surgeon General's report on the health hazards of smoking was published, *SR* decided to suspend cigarette advertising until the Federal Trade Commission clarified the relevant questions of public policy. Even though this decision was likely to raise difficulties for the other magazines in the company, Mr. Mayes, as President of the company, upheld the right of each magazine to make its own decision.

During the past three years, the magazine has enjoyed the greatest growth of readership in its history, rising from 250,000 to almost 400,000. We have no particular long-term circulation goals, any more than we did when the magazine numbered 20,000 readers not so many years ago. Whether we reach half a million or more than a million is of less consequence than producing a magazine that is read rather than viewed, and genuinely respected rather than merely received.

In advertising, *Saturday Review* last year was first among all weekly magazines in revenue increase over the previous year. Here, too, we hope to do even better, but this is in proportion to all our other plans and hopes for the magazine.

• • •

During the deliberations preceding the sale to McCall's three years ago, one of the negative arguments advanced by friends we consulted was that we would be under so much pressure to produce a favorable operating statement that the entire tone of the magazine would be adversely affected. In actual fact, the reverse has proved to be true. Mr. Mayes and Mr. Simon have emphasized that they are less interested in having us make a good showing financially than in seeing us put out the finest magazine of its kind in the world.

This is a tall order but it works for a creative and dynamic atmosphere. No editor could ask for more. For a man only one year away from his twenty-fifth anniversary on *SR*, this is the most rewarding and nourishing of all conditions and prospects. —N.C.

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The Dispassion of Paddy C.

ALTHOUGH forty-six years have passed since the Russian Revolution, it is still difficult to regard it dispassionately. But Paddy Chayefsky has made an admirable attempt to do so in his latest play, *The Passion of Josef D.* Furthermore, this play represents a considerable advance for Mr. Chayefsky in the use of theatrical devices to tell a large story. To demonstrate how the Russian people made a painful and illusory advance from worshiping a Czar as divine to revering Lenin as God, Mr. Chayefsky begins his play by having the peasants sing a facetious hymn to the Czar just before being shot down by his soldiers, and he ends up at Lenin's bier with the peasants singing exactly the same hymn, except for the substitution of Lenin's name. In the play's second scene we watch the young exiled Josef Djugashvili (later known as Stalin) coldbloodedly stab a friendly Siberian prison guard in order to steal his boots. At its end the mood shifts abruptly as Stalin steps out of the play and says directly to the audience, "The moral of this episode is: When a barefoot fellow tells you he is revolting against tyranny, watch out; he's only after your boots. There you have the class struggle in a nutshell."

As the play moves on chronologically through the events of the Russian Revolution, Mr. Chayefsky continues to highlight the absurdities and paradoxes that attended it: the hopeless factionalism of the many leftist groups, the Marxist nun whose high principles make her willing to do more ruthless and bloody acts than the worst thug, and the irony that in retrospect Lenin felt they hadn't achieved anything original enough to justify the bloodletting and heroic effort. In two instances, however, Mr. Chayefsky becomes distractingly broad. One is an inserted vaudeville act in which, to a patter song titled "Nothing Has Changed," we are shown in farcical terms the period of the Kerensky government. The other presents us with a satirical portrait of Trostky as a clownish and intellectually snobbish *régisseur* imperiously staging the revolution as a calculated series of crowd scenes and scene-shifts.

The play's most interesting and compelling scene is one in which we see Lenin talking with Stalin in much the same way that the Angel of the Lord conversed with Gideon in Mr. Chayefsky's previous play. The difference here is that Stalin has made a god out of Lenin so that Stalin can be a prophet. But as in *Gideon*, the god mocks the prophet for his human presumption. He tells him that his new-found faith in the socialist order is silly because it is predicated on the idea that greed, cruelty, and violence are unnecessary to man's condition; that democracy is no more decent than monarchy; and that socialism—which insists that men are moral and are progressing toward some eventual perfection—is really one more religion sustained by an aspiration to godhood. He concludes, "Like all religions, ours is just a contrivance to satisfy our presumption to be meaningful. Like all religions, socialism will hound its heretics and massacre millions."

THEN the playwright has Lenin demote Stalin for having gone too far in his religious zeal. But before he can carry out his demotion, Lenin has a stroke and Stalin is left with the power. Since Stalin, just before this moment, had appeared completely crushed by Lenin's iconoclasm, we wonder what faith sustained him through his ensuing career. Was it faith in himself (the personality cult)? Or was it, as the playwright seems to suggest, that Stalin somehow regained his faith in precepts that Lenin ultimately questioned?

While all this is frequently stimulating, the many shifts in mood and style keep catching us unprepared. It would be an easy matter for the playwright to repair this fault by, for instance, making Trotsky a constantly reappearing character who supplies the audience with the comic insights into actions that the other characters take more seriously. Though this might be unfair to the real Trotsky, there is an element of truth in the incompatibility of intellectualism and tragedy, and this is all the justification a writer needs.

One hopes that Mr. Chayefsky will not be discouraged by the probable short run of this play, and will make the revisions that could turn this work into a more effective theater piece. For even in the present production as directed by the playwright himself, there is much to appreciate: the scope of the material, the fresh insight, the performance of Peter Falk as Stalin (which is so well motivated that we almost come to like the late tyrant), and here and there stretches of the sort of superior dialogue that has made Mr. Chayefsky one of our best playwrights.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

A Market for Ideas

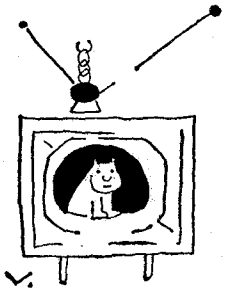
HOLLYWOOD.

ONE hardly expects to encounter the ideas of Thomas Hobbes, the seventeenth-century English political philosopher, on *Kraft Suspense Theatre* (NBC Television), a film anthology series of mystery melodramas. Yet it happened recently. *Leviathan Five* was the title. Some viewers may have recognized the allusion to Hobbes's classic work, *Leviathan*. Roy Huggins, who produces the series (under the pseudonym Thomas Fitzroy), told me that the second word in the show's title represented five men in the story who faced the Hobbesian dilemma: Is man required to obey the law under all circumstances?

Hobbes and *Leviathan* were not mentioned directly; they hovered over a courtroom drama that flashed back to a tragedy involving four top scientists and a security guard trapped underground by an explosion at a high-level nuclear project. The guard is killed as the result of a survival lottery; the scientists, when rescued, are tried for his murder. The defense argues Hobbes's formula for mankind's deliverance from the human predicament in society: trapped men, cut off from conventional law, can create their own commonwealth, consenting to obey the law that one should perish in order that four should survive. The prosecution argues that the scientists' estimates of rescue probabilities were guesses and that the survivors violated the law of the real commonwealth.

The story was provocative on two levels—the trial itself and the abstract moral ideas involved. The script, written by Berne and David Giler and William P. McGivern, had precision and clear structure. The authors had in mind for their story men like Einstein, Oppenheimer, and Szilard. Earlier drafts attempted to humanize the scientists, but the limitations of a forty-eight-minute television hour filtered out all but the barest suggestions of individuality. The actors had few lines with which to project stature or warmth. David L. Rich's generally suspenseful direction erred in permitting the judge to overdraw grotesquely his hostility to the defendants. The scientists emerged, unfortunately, as the bad guys—rational to an inhuman extreme, concerned only with selfish survival, although one masked his passion to live under the rationalization of the great contributions the scientific majority could make to society because of its superior brains. The security guard, in contrast—the inferior, common man—excited sympathy with his simple, courageous morality: he participated unwillingly in the lottery, refused to commit suicide, and would not kill.

The polarity of types was too sharp. Common men can panic, too; scientists can be religious or humane. The alacrity with which the scientists, once they realized their predicament, jumped to the lottery was unbelievable—too automatically unanimous to be convincing. But the play was able to stimulate controversy among viewers. Was the jury right in rendering a verdict of guilty of second-degree murder with a recommendation for leniency? Would Hobbes have agreed? The original *Leviathan* offers ambiguous guidance. Hobbes proposed an unbreakable moral-political covenant, yet spoke of "silences in the law" that could permit



men to resist death, the ultimate evil, at the cost of breaking covenants.

Producer Roy Huggins (who also collaborated on the script under the McGivern pseudonym) said the original outline dealt with survivors in a submarine. A student of political science, he seized upon the chance to inject Hobbes into Kraft and changed the characters from sailors to scientists. In so doing, he and his collaborators undoubtedly lifted the intellectual level of the tale, but they created new problems for themselves that they could not resolve satisfactorily. Still, *Leviathan Five* was an occasion on television where split cultures could meet—not only the two cultures of science and the humanities, but also the allegedly "higher" and "lower" cultures of television taste. Perhaps more Hollywood television producers ought to study political science. There is, it would seem, a market for ideas.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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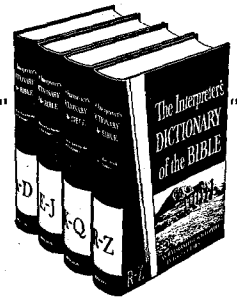

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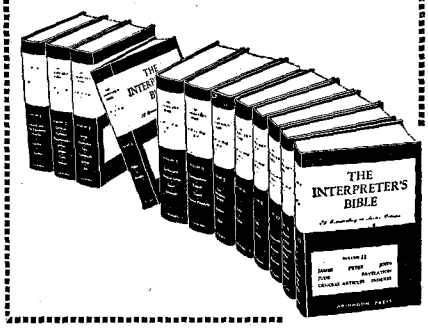

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Richmond

Continued from page 19

of a drive for desegregating them undoubtedly entered into this decision. The pools have remained closed.

The Dogwood Dell amphitheater in one of the public parks, where outdoor public performances of a varied character are offered, has functioned for three years on a nonrestricted basis insofar as race is concerned. Both white and colored take part together in the pageants, plays, and concerts, and there is no segregation in the audiences.

Parker Field, home of the Richmond Virginians baseball club of the International League, which has several colored players, was desegregated in June of last year. Last fall the Richmond Symphony Orchestra employed its first two colored musicians. Two Negroes have entered local National Guard units.

Richmond's City Council adopted a resolution in 1962 declaring it to be the policy of the city that "applicants for employment . . . should be employed, and employees of the city should be promoted, solely on the basis of merit and fitness," without reference to race, creed, or color. This policy was immediately adopted by the Personnel Board.

OF the slightly more than 3,800 city employees, exclusive of those in the school system, 615 are Negroes. They include social case workers, probation officers, public health nurses, hospital nurse supervisors, and librarians. While the ratio is not in proportion to the colored population, the total is substantial and will undoubtedly be increased.

The City Planning Commission has had a Negro member for well over a decade. A Negro has been appointed to the City Personnel Board.

Peaceful picketing and "selective buying" were employed by groups of Negroes against certain Richmond stores and restaurants in 1960. In August of that year, first-floor and basement lunch counters in the two major department stores were desegregated along with several other restaurants. Early in 1961, all restaurants in the two department stores were opened to both races. Colored salespeople were added later by one store, along with a supervisor, while the other employed salespeople, plus several junior executives, including an assistant buyer. Some sixty restaurants in Richmond were desegregated last year.

A majority of the main hotels were quietly opened to colored patrons in 1961, after which most large motels followed suit. All hotels have now been desegregated.

The Southern Christian Leadership Conference, headed by Dr. Martin Luther King, held its annual banquet in Richmond's leading hotel on the night of September 24, with a racially mixed group of nearly 900 in attendance. There was no trouble whatever.

In June and July of last year, following some weeks of peaceful picketing, Richmond's motion picture houses were desegregated, with hardly a ripple.

It would be inaccurate to suggest that all these things have been done with the overwhelming approval of Richmond's white population. On the contrary, the preponderant white sentiment in Richmond, as elsewhere in the South, is opposed to desegregation. But that is precisely the point. Despite this opposition, the Negro citizens of Richmond, using only legal methods and quiet pressure, have, in a few short years, gained many of their objectives.

In the same year, 1953, a Negro businessman was named to the City School Board. He has served since that time and is now vice-chairman. In the decade that he has been on the board, he has been widely recognized as one of that body's most valuable and effective members.

AS has been noted above, Richmond Negroes—like the Negroes throughout Virginia—vote on the same basis as the whites. (The U.S. Civil Rights Commission reported in 1961 that it had found no "significant, racially motivated impediments to voting" anywhere in the state, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People said substantially the same thing some years earlier.)

"Massive resistance" to segregation ended in Richmond several years ago, when it ended in Virginia. That was when the state and federal courts outlawed the resistance legislation. Both the Governor and the Attorney General of Virginia realized that these laws would not stand up indefinitely, but they felt that legally achieved delay in the implementation of the United States Supreme Court's opinion of 1954 would give the people of the state a chance to adjust to the court's far-reaching edict, shattering, as it did, a long-cherished social structure. By the time Virginia's package of laws designed to slow the pace of integration had made its way through the courts, Virginians were more receptive to the idea of change.

True, there is the deplorable situation in Prince Edward County, where all public schools have been closed for four years, as a result of court orders to desegregate. Fortunately, schools were opened last fall with private financing, under a temporary arrangement worked out by federal, state, and county authorities, pending a final adjudication in the courts. It seems highly probable—and it is greatly to be desired—that the public schools of Prince Edward will begin functioning normally not later than September 1964.

There is also the situation in Danville, where difficulties remain and tension has not been removed.

Meanwhile, in the rest of the state a total of 3,721 Negro children have been enrolled in Virginia's previously all-white public schools for the session of 1963-64, and 64 of the state's 130 counties and cities have been desegregated.

Richmond, in particular, hopes to be free from the interracial disorders that have plagued other parts of the country, both North and South. This city has given an example of how sane, levelheaded, peaceable, and dedicated white and Negro leadership can achieve impressive results on the interracial front in a short time, without stirring up the ferocious animosities that could rob any apparent gains of all meaning.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Li'l Abner Goes to Town

IN THE local paper to which I subscribe there is a page of comics on which I spend a few minutes every day. Some of the strips I read out of a sense of duty, as a catch-as-catch-can student of the mass media. Others I examine because the cartoonists sometimes have good days and I can hope that this is one of them. But there is one that I always look forward to, and almost always enjoy, and that, of course, is Al Capp's *Li'l Abner*.

What has kept *Li'l Abner* fresh for thirty years, while scores of other comic strips have come and gone, is Al Capp's apparently boundless ingenuity. It is true that, as is often said, he has ideas, and one does not expect to find ideas in a comic strip, but if he appears to be a great thinker, it is only by comparison with his competitors. As I have seen and heard him on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*—another lowbrow addiction of mine—he is quick-witted, has a strange and engaging laugh, and on most issues takes what I think of as the liberal side. In short, I find him a nice guy; but I don't think he's a sage, and I still say that it is his gift for inventing bizarre characters and outrageous situations that has made him the best and most durable creator of a comic strip.

Because Capp interests me, I welcome *From Dogpatch to Slobbovia* (Beacon Press, hardbound $3.50, paperback $1). This is a little book made up of seven *Li'l Abner* sequences, with a comment on each by Capp and a final comment by David Manning White, an authority on mass culture. I wish there were more of everything—more comic strips, more comments by Capp, and a longer discussion by Professor White—but I am grateful for what we have.

The first sequence may serve to illustrate the point I have tried to make about ideas and inventiveness. A new family comes to Dogpatch and is shunned by the residents because its members have square eyes. This phenomenon arouses such indignation that there is talk of running the strangers out of town, but Mammy Yokum intervenes, saying, "Th' li'l diff'runces between folks shouldn't hide th' big things thass the same 'bout all of us." Capp spelled out the lesson in his comment.

Of course, attacks on prejudice are always welcome, especially in the mass media, especially in a comic strip whose readers are estimated at from fifty to eighty million. But anybody can preach a sermon, and if that was all Al Capp was doing, he wouldn't hold his audience very long. What gives the sequence its effectiveness is the invention of the square eyes—a concept so fantastic that it is amusing and startling at the same time. And Capp exploits the possibilities of this concept with his usual skill and his usual precise draftsmanship.

One of Capp's happiest inventions was the schmoo, an amiable creature that supplied practically all human needs, and, naturally, wrecked the economy. The schmoos don't appear in this volume, but we have the kygmies, equally amiable little beasts who love to be kicked and thus can release human aggressions and bring peace to the world. But the economic order depends in no small measure on fighting, and the kygmies have to be suppressed, just as the schmoos had to be. Again the concept is first-rate, and the elaboration of it is both funny and pointed.

We have some of the characters Capp has invented since he first came

forth with the Yokums and Daisy Mae and their Dogpatch neighbors. General Bullmoose appears in a characteristic sequence, and another is devoted to Evil-Eye Fleegle. One reason why I wish the book were longer is that we are not shown enough of Capp's inventions. He has created a world with a fantastic geography and an even more fantastic population.

Professor White says in his afterword: "Capp is in the tradition of the great satirists *in* and *of* the American tradition. He is the spiritual heir of tall-tale-telling Davy Crockett, the dialect humor of David Ross Locke's Petroleum V. Nasby, or the fire-eating indignation of a Thomas Nast decrying graft and

(*Continued on page* 41)

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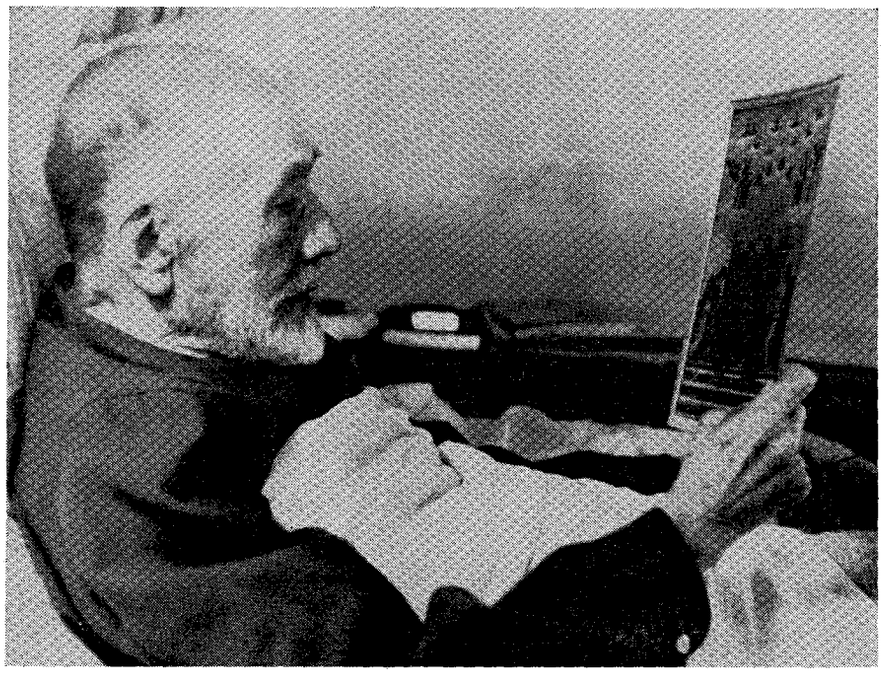
Reflections of a Self-Curious Savant

Bernard Berenson, Sunset and Twilight: From the Diaries of 1947-1958. *A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book (Harcourt, Brace & World. 548 pp. $8.75), and* ***The Selected Letters of Bernard Berenson,*** *edited by A. K. McComb (Houghton Mifflin. 310 pp. $5), both of which have an epilogue by "B.B.'s" final love, Nicky Mariano, reveal a complex, contradictory personality. Daniel Catton Rich is director of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum.*

By DANIEL CATTON RICH



—*David Lees.*

Bernard Berenson—"far more than an 'expertiser.'"

BERNARD BERENSON, who died in 1959 at the age of ninety-three, was the master scholar of Italian painting from the period 1300 to 1500. To him we owe the identification of many lost works and even lost artists, as well as much of the critical estimate of Renaissance art today. But "B.B.", as his intimates (and would-be intimates) called him, was far more than an "expertiser." He was a fascinating, complicated, contradictory personality. Born a Jew in Lithuania, he came to Boston as a boy of ten; twelve years later, a brilliant graduate of Harvard, he went to Europe to study Early Italian painting and, except to visit, never returned to the States. Meanwhile he had become a paid expert for Duveen and Wildenstein; had rebuilt a Florentine Villa, *I Tatti*, where he lived *en Prince*; had traveled widely, had met everybody, and had become one of the celebrated savants and conversationalists of his day. In *I Tatti* he built up a great library of humanistic design and a superb collection of Italian primitives. All this he destined for Harvard as a training ground for future cultivated art historians like himself. Forced to hide during the war, he emerged afterwards to become, as he wryly put it, "an historic monument," visited by the casual as well as by the great.

Like many of his generation, Berenson was a voracious reader and writer. The older he grew the more "self-curious" he became; his diaries and letters are full of interested inspections of himself. No work of art—over the years—was of such supreme concern to him as Bernard Berenson. In 1949 he published *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*, a carefully edited version of his life—if not of his thought. This was followed by a large volume of his war diaries, *Rumor and Reflection* (1950), and *One Year's Reading for Fun* (1960), a chronicle of what he read and noted while in hiding from the Nazis. *The Passionate Sightseer* (1960) gathers up some of his discerning observations on Italian cities and galleries.

The latest work about him (one hesitates to say the "last" in regard to the Berenson legend) is the publication of excerpts from diaries of his final eleven years. The critic and novelist Iris Origo, an intimate friend of Berenson, points out in her sympathetic introduction that these pages reflect "an enjoyment of beauty which old age, far from diminishing, had only rendered still sharper and more subtle, an unquenchable intellectual curiosity, a great many personal relationships (though not all satisfying), an almost uncanny self-awareness—and one dominant, indispensable human affection."

Berenson was at his wittiest, most paradoxical and entertaining in the presence of an audience, but the audience had to be on his own terms, in his own personal setting at *I Tatti*, and it was preferably—he confessed—made up of attractive women whose "adolescent" character inspired him. He also had the skill—and interest—to draw his visitors out. They often sounded their best with him. All sorts of people wander through these pages, particularly during the years before 1957. We find royalty (the Crown Prince of Sweden and Helen, the former Queen of Rumania), writers (Sinclair Lewis, Somerset Maugham, and John Steinbeck), old friends like Judge Learned Hand and Walter Lippmann. There is Edith Wharton, whom Berenson cherished all his life and whose death is one of the few to affect him, and his old Italian friend, the Countess Hortense Serristori. There is even Ex-President Truman, with whom—surprisingly enough—he felt an instant affinity.

But as the years march on, this conversation and "chatter" begin to pall. Finally, in his feebleness of body and numbness of mind he wishes only to be with Nicky Mariano, the love and comfort of his later years. Berenson's marriage to Mary Costelloe, difficult sister of Logan Pearsall Smith, had not been a happy one. In his eighty-ninth year he could write of Nicky Mariano: "I love her more and more every hour that so miraculously I remain alive. My love is not only one of deep affection, glowing affection, but of joyful gratitude, freed from any touch of grudge, any reserve

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that love is often tainted with. . . . She is the complete companion. . . ."

Meanwhile, almost to the end, Berenson worked "like a demon," planning and writing articles and books. Here he seems to have become more and more frustrated by what he felt to be his lack as a natural writer. He complains that his vocabulary is poor, that he cannot produce an "English that pleases." Then his body begins to give way. He is ill; he falls out of an automobile and is badly shaken. The symptoms of old age beset and disgust him. Yet through it all he maintains a tremendous curiosity about life, reads widely on current events, goes back to the classics, and shows courage and dignity in facing the end. Complaints are paired with sudden ecstatic impressions of nature, a sunset or a flower. And the older he grows the more honest and less pretentious he becomes.

Earlier, Berenson had minimized or shrugged off his Semitic background. Now, toward the end of his life, he identifies with the aspirations of the new state of Israel and even takes comfort in "relaxing" with some of his Jewish friends. The exhaustive self-analysis does not falter but now portrays a man who is above the petty "grudges" and vanities of former days. Sense and reason still dominate. He dies a "gentle" agnostic in the arms of the Church since at one brief period he had been a believer in Catholicism.

There is much in these final diaries that is moving and admirable. Nevertheless it is hard to agree with the Marchesa Origo that Berenson was "the last great humanist of Western Europe." His humanism was of a peculiar kind. He defined it as "the faculty of putting oneself instantly and on every occasion under the skin, in the heart, in the muscles even of another, and in ideation to react as that other would." Actually, what he did was to project his own sensitive reactions into art and nature and the people with whom he came into contact. His ultimate test for every experience was esthetic; he even, as he frankly admitted, "wanted to become a work of art." This deliberate estheticism, based on Pater and the late nineteenth-century *l'art pour l'art,* was his early strength; subsequently, as the world moved away from such thin ideology, it left Berenson behind. Hence his hatred of philosophy, his contempt for social conscience, his violent attacks upon modern art. In several passages in his diary the author is afraid that his life story will someday be vulgarized as from "rags to riches." To it instead one might apply a moral that Henry James would have understood. In the end, the "riches" were hardly enough to compensate for lost vital experiences that Berenson deliberately shut out of his life.

The selection of his letters, adroitly made by a fellow art historian, A. K. McComb, starts with one of 1887 to his patroness, Mrs. Jack Gardner, and ends with a brief note of 1958 to the writer Harold Acton. As their editor remarks, the earlier ones are more spontaneous, more "life-enhancing" as Berenson would have called them. Although some of the most entertaining deal with the quarrel with Vernon Lee, there is an exceedingly drastic and bad-tempered account of a chance meeting in Venice in 1939 with his "enemy-friend" Santayana. To give the other side McComb has amusingly included Santayana's reaction to Berenson. However, much of the correspondence concerns Berenson's dreams and plans for *I Tatti,* with Harvard blowing hot and cold on its acceptance. Read with the diaries, these letters deepen the sense of Berenson's zest for living on many levels and indicate how wide was his erudition, how vast the scope of his friendships.

From Battlefield to Bazaar

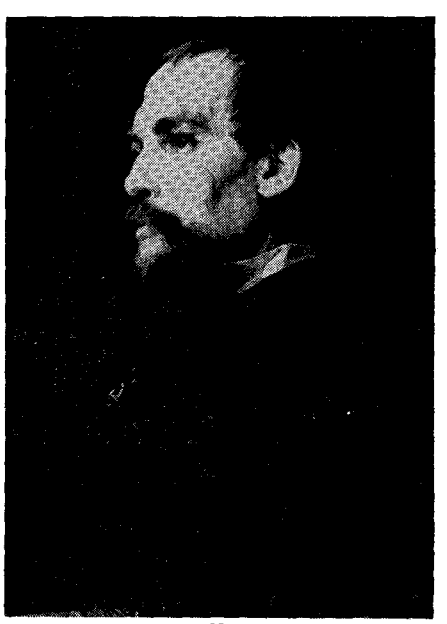
Burton: A Biography of Sir Richard Francis Burton, *by Byron Farwell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 431 pp. $5.95),* ***Death Rides a Camel: A Biography of Sir Richard Burton,*** *by Allen Edwardes (Julian Press. 422 pp. $6.50), and* ***The City of the Saints,*** *by Richard F. Burton, edited by Fawn M. Brodie (Knopf. 645 pp. $8.50), recall to our attention a rugged and arresting figure. Harry T. Moore is a research professor at Southern Illinois University.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE MAN who was known to his contemporaries as "Ruffian Dick" is a magnetic subject for biographers. Sir Richard Francis Burton (1821-90) is perhaps most famous for having disguised himself as a Moslem in order to slip into the holy city of Mecca; but he had many other exploits to his credit, about all of which he wrote copiously. Now we have two biographies of Burton, one of them sound and the other preposterous, along with a reprint of his own finest travel book.

A sensational rather than an eminent Victorian, Burton looked like a pirate when invading overstuffed London parlors between Oriental adventures. Photographs of him in middle life show a fierce-faced, split-bearded man whose appearance suggests the arrogant bombast of his *Rubáiyát*-like poem, *The Kasîdah*: "Do what thy manhood bids thee do,/from none but self expect applause. . . ." Burton was indeed a thumper, one who loved to shock the bourgeoisie; but as a blatant nonconformist he didn't do well in the official circles on which he depended for rather meager wages. In his youth he was sent down from Oxford; in military service he never rose above a captaincy and, as a civilian official, never above a consulship. But as a striking character he ranks high, and his ultimate failure intensifies the interest of his story.

Burton had enviable natural gifts. Brilliant at languages, he easily picked up the tribal dialects of India, Arabia, and Africa; and it is fascinating to read of him, barely a hundred years ago, treading in then wild areas which appear frequently in today's news. It helps to show how briefly such places existed as colonies. Burton, as soldier and consul, was usually on semiofficial AWOL, and could be found (or not found), dressed in robes and with skin dyed brown, in the bazaars or the des-



National Portrait Gallery.

Richard F. Burton—"blatant nonconformist."

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ert. After small-time consular stints in Africa and South America he was finally appointed to Damascus, an important post and one he relished; but enemies soon contributed to his downfall there. He ended his career in comparative banishment in the consulate at Trieste, where he retired and remained until his death.

Admirers of Burton tend to see him as a lion caged by the bureaucracy of Empire, or as a misplaced Elizabethan whom the Victorians couldn't appreciate. But Byron Farwell, whose book is, on the basis of its fresh data and its full, sensible presentation of Burton's career, the definitive biography, points out that Burton's lack of discipline and tact would have kept him down in any age. This temperate volume is far different from Allen Edwardes's fictional biography, which represents subjectivity running wild, dramatized history at its extreme. Not that it isn't entertaining to read, in an incredible way: the author's description of Burton's wedding night, complete with exclamations from the Victorian bride, is a major contribution to comic erotica.

Mr. Edwardes also gives a histrionic view of the argument between Burton and John H. Speke as to which should receive credit for discovering the source of the Nile. At the time both men were putting forth their claims in England the nerve-stretched Speke died abruptly, possibly a suicide. Mr. Farwell, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who sees Burton as an adventurer rather than an explorer, maintains that the greatest mistake of Burton's life was his allowing Speke to press on independently to find the lake he named Victoria, while Burton himself rested in Tabora. Mr. Edwardes launches a theory (without offering proof) that Burton and Speke were lovers—a statement he also makes about Burton and the poet Swinburne.

After Burton's death his pious Catholic widow burned his diaries and his translation of the Arab erotic handbook *The Perfumed Garden* (to be published by Putnam on Mar. 24). Her friend Marie Louise de la Ramée (better known as the novelist Ouida) says she "never spoke nor wrote to [Lady Burton] after that irreparable act," and most subsequent commentators have added their censure. Mr. Farwell is more sympathetic to the woman who manifested a stubborn loyalty to a difficult man over so many years, a man who, on his frequent changes of residence, would leave his wife a cold note: "Pay, pack, and follow."

Not that Mr. Farwell always sees Burton in a harsh light; he admires him, but within realistic limits. And he makes it clear that Burton loved the wife who both helped and hindered his official career. Mr. Farwell destroys various legends, among them the one that Burton's unbuttoned (or should it be disrobed?) translation of *The Arabian Nights* was icily received by the Victorians. Actually, it was praised.

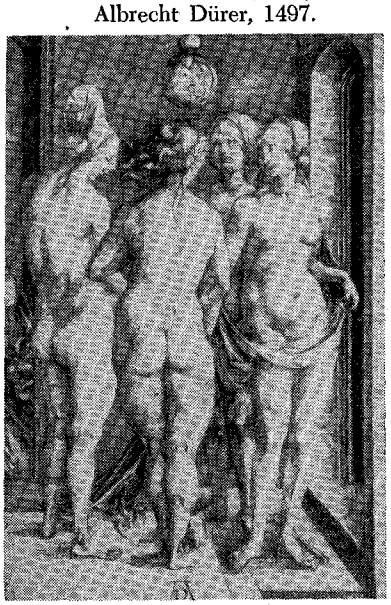
As to Burton's own works, Mr. Farwell doesn't even try to make out a good case for most of them. Burton lacked the prose-writing gifts of C. M. Doughty and T. E. Lawrence, and even his book about Mecca is rather dull. *The Kasîdah*, oddly enough, has remained in print. But the Burton volume that most deserves our attention, *The City of the Saints*, has fortunately been reissued in an elegant edition. Here Burton was at his finest as a reporter, and he provides a vivid and energetic narrative of his 1859-60 stagecoach journey from Missouri to California. It is a highly important contribution to the literature of the Far West, and makes an impressive memorial to "Burton of Arabia."

"Among Those Who Stood There," by Abraham Rattner, 1945.

With Needle and Acid: An arresting parallel between fingerprints and art prints is drawn by Frank and Dorothy Getlein in their text for *The Bite of the Print: Satire and Irony in Woodcuts, Engravings, Etchings and Lithographs* (Clarkson N. Potter, $12.50). Both, the authors say, are associated with hands raised against society. The book's more than 290 reproductions run the gamut from an anonymous fifteenth-century caricature of "The Emperor and the Pope" to a 1961 Herblock cartoon.

"You have lost your suit, it's true, but you have had the pleasure of hearing me argue," by Honoré Daumier, 1848.

"Four Witches," by Albrecht Dürer, 1497.



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The Locked and Lonely Hearts

***The Children at the Gate,** by Edward Lewis Wallant (Harcourt, Brace & World. 184 pp. $3.95) the author's second posthumously published novel explores the redemptive power of suffering in a young man who has sought "the controlled illusion of indifference." Jonathan Baumbach is a teacher of creative writing at Ohio State University.*

By JONATHAN BAUMBACH

EDWARD LEWIS WALLANT died in 1962 at the age of thirty-six. *The Children at the Gate,* his fourth novel, is the second to be published after his death. The four books that survive him, and which I suspect will survive us all, are dark visions of disquieting, often apocalyptic seriousness, haunting, desolating books about the improbable possibilities of redemption in a corrosively malignant world. Wallant is at his best in *The Pawnbroker,* at his least successful in *The Human Season.* At his best, he belongs with Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, William Styron, Bernard Malamud, and (on faith) Norman Mailer, in the front rank of our serious novelists. Each of Wallant's books is a kind of pilgrim's progress about those blighted innocents who, damned to disbelief, keep vigil at the gate.

Angelo, the nineteen-year-old hero of *The Children at the Gate,* is a loner, an old man of a child, who escapes the pain of living through the controlled illusion of indifference. Though raised by a devoutly Catholic mother, Angelo has never been to confession and refuses to believe in anything that is not scientifically verifiable. His commitment to science, "imbued with a priest's fierce dedication," becomes a substitute religion, a rational and ordered defense against the chaos of feeling.

Working as a clerk in his cousin's drugstore, Angelo makes daily and nightly visits to the Sacred Heart Hospital, where he solicits trade from the patients, a microcosm of sufferers. Angelo's religion of science is put to the test when he is befriended, against his will, by an officiously benevolent hospital orderly named Sammy, a prophet of unreason who seems in his clownish way to have magical powers. Sammy's ambiguous behavior—is he fraud or saint, madman or savior?—poses a threat to Angelo because he is unable to comprehend it within his own categories of possibility.

In order to retain the security of his isolation, Angelo feels compelled to make sense of "the orderly's game" which, given the preconceptions of Angelo's position, can only lead to madness. For all his resentment, Angelo finds himself both touched and pained by Sammy's friendship. As Sammy tells him, "It's so lonely not to suffer, so lonely."

Suffering in Wallant's world is a precondition of humanity. As a result of Sammy's death, a quixotic re-enactment of the crucifixion, Angelo learns, despite himself, the grace of suffering. Passing by the Sacred Heart Hospital at the end, Angelo "was surprised and puzzled as he walked with that mortal wound in him that although the wound would be the death of him, it would also be the life of him too." Sammy's sacrificial death creates the occasion of Angelo's spiritual resurrection.

Wallant's prose startles with the knifelike shock of its accuracy. For example, his description of the old orderly, Lepedov, who has just confessed to the rape of a little girl: "His eyes were an atrocity; they could have belonged to a tiger who acquires, in the midst of feeding on the flesh of a man he has just killed, the curse of human understanding."

THIS is a beautifully written short novel of almost unbearable impact. Out of the final depths of depravity and horror Wallant's children of darkness discover the terrible luxury of feeling that provides, at the price of pain, the redemptive possibility of love.

Black Market in Red Square

***Honey for the Bears,** by Anthony Burgess (Norton. 256 pp. $3.95), records the adventures of a would-be swindler from England who sets out to conquer the Russian black market. Charles Alva Hoyt teaches English at Bennett College in Millbrook, N.Y.*

By CHARLES ALVA HOYT

LIKE one or two others, perhaps, I lost track of Anthony Burgess a few novels ago. He has written five of them in what seems to me a very short time, and not one of them, I am told, is bad. The latest, *Honey for the Bears,* is one of the best-planned and most brilliantly executed books I have seen in a long time. The reader may quarrel with some of Burgess's ideas and question some of his conclusions; but he will have to admit that he is in the presence of a virtuoso.

Honey for the Bears is the story of a small-time antique dealer and would-be swindler, Paul Hussey, who travels from England to Russia with his wife in order to peddle some drilon dresses on the black market. After many adventures Paul returns to the West alone, having left his honey with the bears. He has also learned a few things about himself, mostly catastrophic.

Mr. Burgess, who has been a professional musician, has always had an exceptional ear. His short, swift plot is presented in a marvelously compact style, rich, juicy, every rift filled with ore. For example:

> "That will do, Madox," said his master or mistress indulgently. The face was trenched and riven, as by a killing life of metaphysical debauchery. That was it, decided Paul: a head that philosophy had unsexed, some final Shavian achievement. He had seen a head like it on television newsreels: an old proud eagle squatting in Whitehall among students, banning the bomb. But these oyster-colored eyes surveyed with disdain the scruffy redbrick layabouts who nearly filled the Cultural Saloon, the nose twitched at them.

This either-sexed ancient of the passage quoted, aptly called Dr. Tiresias, sets the tone of the novel, although the reader is not aware of it at once.

Gradually, as events unfold, we find Paul detaching himself from his silhouette against the bright red background of farce and communism. The comedy of his ruinous venture, so diverting to the reader, forces him to a personal crisis through which he becomes a man. His doubt of his masculinity, repeatedly hinted at in the early chapters but overwhelmed by

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the fun, now takes control of the novel. The wife, too, succumbs to the domination of a purring woman doctor, who will keep her in Russia.

Although one may frankly doubt whether any single adventure—even one as lively as this—could bring matters so deeply buried to such a pitch, one cannot resist the superb design of the novel. Burgess's logic may not always be sound, nor even, in places, his understanding (a more serious charge); but his sense of *programme* is almost perfect.

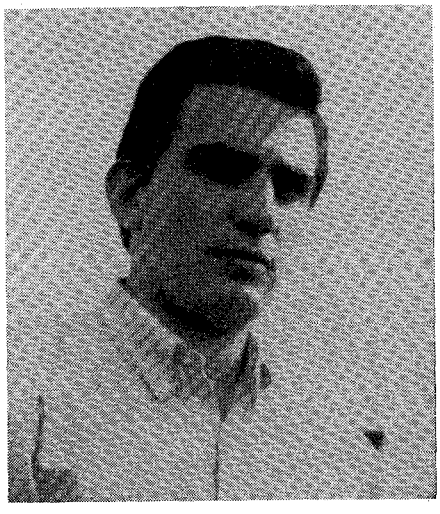
One of his favorite tricks is a way of evoking from modern England, which to him is largely a tasteless and desperate degeneration, ghostly echoes of the past—the glorious, swaggering past of Shakespeare and Milton. In a beautiful climax to his first book, *The Right to an Answer,* the drifters and "sods" who apparently dominate British society come upon a priceless early quarto of *Hamlet,* over which they ponder profitlessly, like swine with a pearl. Here again, amid the tragicomedy there are hollow sounds of great voices heard from afar, such as one sometimes catches in the antechamber of a vast museum. But the true voice of England, though it come from never so far, can yet summon a man to action.

Stranded on Second Avenue

Once Upon a Droshky, *by Jerome Charyn (McGraw-Hill. 222 pp. $4.95), dips into the raffish underside of the Jewish community that once existed on New York's Lower East Side. David Boroff, who teaches English at New York University, often writes on contemporary fiction.*

By DAVID BOROFF

THE LITERARY charms of the Lower East Side have been recently discovered by a new generation of writers, among them Norman Fruchter, the late Edward Lewis Wallant, and Jerome Charyn, the young author of *Once Upon a Droshky.* The trouble with this younger generation is that they know the Lower East Side only in its melancholy decline, at a time when the vital Yiddish culture it once housed has virtually disappeared. The result is a species of writing more picturesque than authentic, one that exploits the crotchets of that culture far more than it celebrates its hard-won triumphs of the spirit. These novels succeed in keeping alive the décor of the East Side, but not its personality. Significantly, both Fruchter's novel and Charyn's deal with old people—an appropriate comment on the obsolescence of the community from which so much youthful energy once flowed.



Jerome Charyn—"purveys cartoons, not characters."

Once Upon a Droshky, to give it its due, concerns a flavorsome aspect of Jewish ghetto life. The principal setting is Schimmel's Cafeteria on Second Avenue. Anyone familiar with Jewish folkways knows that the cafeteria is many things: schoolroom and gambling den, Sanhedrin and social club, cultural center and sexual crossroads. The hero—or rather, in keeping with the novel's mocking, self-lacerating character, the anti-hero—is Yankele Rabinowitz, a minor Second Avenue actor, defected father and husband, girl-chaser and *bon vivant.*

Rabinowitz is about to be evicted from his squalid room in a dilapidated building destined to make way for a luxury apartment house. Despite his moral lapses in the past, Rabinowitz is a doughty little warrior with a kind of animal sympathy for the sad relics who inhabit his building. Arrayed against him are the landlord, Farbstein, a man of outsized cupidity, and Rabinowitz's own son, Irving, a young attorney on the make ("Go raise sons? So they can throw you over in your old age?").

The maneuvers in Rabinowitz's campaign to save the building are formulated, of course, in Schimmel's Cafeteria, whose regulars, a robust assortment of grotesques, ne'er-do-wells, and has-beens, include Fishbein, the gangster, now in serene retirement and collecting Social Security; Schmulka, the philosophical cashier, and Pincus, the hunchbacked play reviewer, with "a boil on his nose as big as a grape," who arbitrates the major issues and is a lifelong enemy of Rabinowitz's. Obviously, this is the stuff of low comedy. It is the anti-pietistic East Side, the ribald negation of all the sentimental platitudes about Jewish life. And, indeed, there was a raffish underside in Jewish life which has largely gone unnoticed.

However, Jerome Charyn lacks both the comic imagination and the poetic energy to do justice to this *milieu.* Every now and then he touches a substratum of poetry: a minor character, Mendel the Merchant, achieves a kind of mythic dimension; the eternal peddler, he continues to roam the streets with his broken pushcart after he has been evicted. And there is a genuinely funny scene at the end, when the aging resistance fighters dig in at Schimmel's Cafeteria, armed only with bagels and borscht, for a last-ditch stand against the police. But most of the time Charyn purveys cartoons, not characters; vaudeville skits, not drama. *Once Upon a Droshky* reads like Damon Runyon with a Yiddish accent.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1073

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1073 will be found in the next issue.

PC RCQF QTL QHHFCRCTL

GTDV PRQN PC RQDX ETGP.

NRGFCQK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1072

Our minds want clothes as much as our bodies.

—SAMUEL BUTLER.

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A Dream of History

The Dark Dancer, *by Frederic Prokosch (Farrar, Straus. 305 pp. $4.95), departs from the traditional view of the marriage that inspired the world's most breathtaking tribute to love, India's Taj Mahal. Victor Chapin is the author of "The Lotus Seat," a novel set in Southeast Asia.*

By VICTOR CHAPIN

THE MOGUL emperors, who reigned in India from 1494 to 1857, failed to unite, in any real sense, that vast and complex country. But they did evolve a characteristic culture, dominated by the ideals of Islam, which is exemplified for us in the great Mogul buildings, the most famous of which is the Taj Mahal at Agra. A more intimate and detailed impression of Mogul India can be gained from looking at the distinctive paintings of the period. If one could step into these pictures and inhabit the world that they suggest, the illusions created by them soon would be shattered, for the peculiar charm that we, through knowledge of these pictures, associate with the Mogul court could have been no more than superficial. Still, many people must long to project themselves into that remote world and capture both its physical reality and its dramatic truth. To do so might seem like an impossible feat of the imagination. And yet, it seems to me, that is what Frederic Prokosch has done in his new novel, *The Dark Dancer*, which is concerned with Prince Kurram, who, as Shahjahan, built the Taj as a monument for his wife, Arjumand Banu, known as Mumtaz Mahal.

For 300 years the Taj Mahal has stood as a monument to love. In *The Dark Dancer* Prokosch writes of the supposedly great love between Kurram and Arjumand. As he imagines it, this love, though projected, was never realized; and so the Taj was built to celebrate an ideal rather than a reality. It commemorates the perfection that Man cannot achieve. At the end, Kurram gazes upon the Taj from the confines of a prison; and we are made to feel what he feels—that love, the one glory that was denied him, is the greatest glory. We realize, as he does, that his true failure was not the loss of his power but his inability to love Arjumand, who wanted so much to love him. This final scene is profoundly moving, for it brings a memorable novel to a high level of meaning. And, like all truly successful novels, it transcends the limitations of time and place.

When a gifted writer finds the perfect subject for his style and vision, the result is a book like this one. *The Dark Dancer* is not a conventional historical novel. It is, rather, a dream of history, which nobody but Prokosch could have written. His ability to create atmosphere, which is unique and has gained him a wide reputation, depends on more than the acuteness of his senses. He has, too, a deep understanding of the ideas that have influenced and dominated mankind. This was evident in his first novel and is doubly evident in this one. The people in *The Dark Dancer* are influenced not by Freud, but by Buddha, Mohammed, Jesus, and Siva, the dark dancer.

This new novel is, I believe, Prokosch's finest; it contains, in addition to the beauty of style that can be found in all of his thirteen novels, the wisdom, tenderness, and clarity of vision that belong only to an artist in his maturity.

Mad May and Gay December: The plot of Maude Hutchins's *Honey on the Moon* (Morrow, $3.95) goes pretty much like this (it will hurt less if it's over fast): A naïve young girl—who is also the narrator—marries a sophisticated man twice her age. Soon after the honeymoon (the purely sexual side of which is described in great detail) she meets Peter, an effeminate "friend" of her husband's, who looks like an almost male version of herself. When she begins to realize that her husband is a homosexual, and that his attachment to her is based on her resemblance to a boy-friend, she retreats into madness. After the lurid transvestite party scene, without which a novel of this type would be as incomplete as the old-fashioned kind was without a good seduction, she trys to shoot her husband, and then *thinks* about suicide a little bit. Yes, that's really the ending.

According to all traditional criteria, the book is almost a complete failure. It has no core of moral significance; it takes place in no recognizable social context; most of the characters never come alive, and 90 per cent of Mrs. Hutchins's dialogue could never have been spoken by a human being.

But, although she never distinguishes between love and love-making, Maude Hutchins writes about pure, animal sex with a genuine lyrical passion unmatched by any other contemporary American woman. And the blurry, schizoid interior monologues are almost as good—and hard to read—as those in *Tender Is the Night.*

If you are willing to endure a banal, pointless novel just for a few first-rate passages of good old you-know-what and a brief close-up of a personality tearing itself apart, you will like *Honey on the Moon.* —W. S. TRACY.

Just Passing Through

By Philip Roberts

THE last time I saw my hometown
On a midnight train that carried me through

Through clinging frostweb on the window
I saw my father's house snow-buried.

This surging crusty blue so simply
Buried footpaths, streams, and lakes;

And in that house, swirled round with snowpoints
All windows shrank back, black and cold.

I went back to my lurching bed
Swinging over bright-edged snowplain.

Now many miles hence is the place
And the snow which fell so deep

The last time I saw my hometown
On a midnight train that carried me through.

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Taking Pedantics Out of the Past

History as Art and as Science: Twin Vistas on the Past, *by H. Stuart Hughes (Harper & Row. 107 pp. $3.95), envisages the historian of tomorrow as an adventurous thinker. The book, which originated as informal talks the author gave during the past four years to groups of Harvard and Radcliffe history students, is Vol. 32 of the World Perspectives series edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. Geoffrey Bruun is visiting professor of history at the University of Illinois and the author of many historical works, among them "Nineteenth Century European Civilization."*

By GEOFFREY BRUUN

IN MOST American schools today history is an unpopular subject. A generation of teachers trained to fragmentize, to substitute ink for blood, to distrust everything they could not document have devoted themselves to the thankless task of making Clio dance in clogs, without music—the music of the imagination.

The time is ripe for an emancipation proclamation and H. Stuart Hughes is the man to write it. "A major polemical purpose of these essays," he states, "is to release historical study from it bondage to libraries and documents." Like Einstein, Professor Hughes recognizes that without imagination mere knowledge is unleavened dough. "The exercise of 'intuition' is at least as important to the historian as his sureness of touch in documentary interpretation." And again, "It is not a question of getting things 'right'—not even the most learned historian will succeed in doing *that* in any ultimate meaning of the term. The real point is to stir the youthful imagination."

Mr. Hughes is a foe of all fettering one-sided definitions. To those who debate whether history is an art or a science, he replies that it is both. "Perhaps more than in any other field of study, these two aspects of man's intellectual quest are inextricably entangled in the pursuit of knowledge about the human past."

Optimistically he continues, "I think it is quite possible that the study of history today is entering a period of rapid change and advance such as characterized the science of physics in the first three decades of the twentieth century." Professor Hughes envisages the historian of tomorrow as an adventurous thinker, liberated from his typographic prison and courageously extending his hand to co-workers in a dozen expanding areas of inquiry.

Students of economic and social history are finding that quantitative method and the calculus of probabilities invite exploration. Anthropology, biology, linguistics, nuclear physics (for dating techniques)—each has valid and valuable contributions to make to history. Most of all perhaps, psychology can inform and broaden the historian's understanding, because "the historian's classic problem—the explanation of human motives—is one for which psychoanalysis provides a fund of understanding richer than that afforded by any other discipline."

Much historical research today is little more than "a pedantic pursuit of the insignificant." The surest mode of escape from such myopic specialization is to reach out to other thinkers and other disciplines. But there is no established educational formula guaranteed to produce historians—no substitute for the "lonely task" of self-education. Having observed the "tedium" that overtakes many graduate students, Professor Hughes offers an earnest warning: "Unless there is some emotional tie, some elective affinity linking the student to his subject of study, the results will be pedantic and perfunctory."

In other words, it is only a step from the sublime to the meticulous. Those eager to guard against that sad descent will find *History as Art and as Science* a guide, a tonic, and an inspiration. Its short, electrifying essays are so magnificently sane and persuasive they should be required reading for every student who contemplates a major in history.

Earth, Air, Fire, and Water

The Five Ages of Man, *by Gerald Heard (Julian Press. 393 pp. $8.50), proposes an unorthodox theory of human history, based on the idea that the life of the individual repeats the evolution of the race. G. G. Simpson is the author of "This View of Life: The World of an Evolutionist," to be published next month.*

By G. G. SIMPSON

THE REVIEWER of Gerald Heard's forty-seventh book must first decide whether it is to be viewed soberly, and not as the pyrotechnics of an irresponsible wit or the débacle of a gullible erudition. The publisher assures us that it has been "eight years in the making" and is a "source book of psychological knowledge and evolutionary processes." The author promises us an application of the "accepted principles of phylogeny and ontogeny" to the history, condition, and betterment of mankind. Perhaps, then, it is best to consider the intention as serious.

It seems that the psychosocial history of man includes no more and no fewer than five stages: preindividual, protoindividual, midindividual, total individual, and postindividual. Each is characterized by a psychological type: coconscious, heroic, ascetic, humanic, and leptoid. Because ontogeny repeats phylogeny, individual life has five precisely corresponding stages and types: infancy, childhood, adolescence, first maturity, and second maturity. Each has its "ordeal" with a specific mental breakdown: birth trauma, dementia praecox, schizophrenia, manic depression, and involutional melancholy. For each the ancients and the primitives had a therapeutic initiation, related to the five classic "elements": rebirth (earth), catharsis (water), inspiration (air), illumination (fire), transformation (aether-electricity). From those ceremonies, specific procedures can be developed to correct psychosis and to promote maturation. These include such details as suspending respiration indefinitely and sending surges of electricity upward from the region of the buttocks.

If you think that those theses are sensible and might be useful, this may be the book for you. You must also be prepared to accept a large ration of positively stated misinformation, such as a definition of the "Heisenbergh" principle as an assertion that the position and mass of a particle cannot both be known. You must also cope with many phrases

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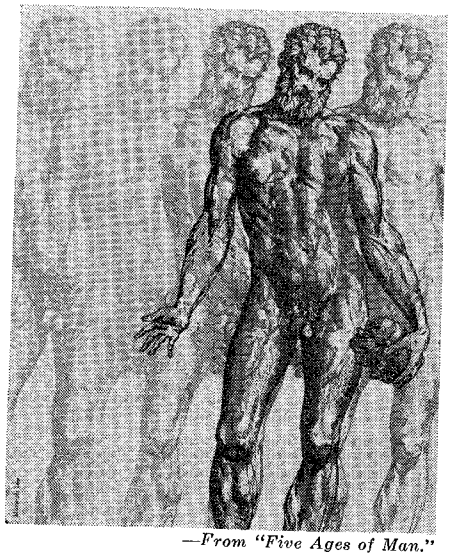
of this caliber: "Specific sexual sensations are derived from and concentrated-contracted in from that suffused sensory dilation which in this essay I have called the panaesthetic neotenic psychophysical tonus."

It may be left to the historians, if they think it worth while, to examine the supposed factual basis for this arbitrary five-fold division of history. The main biological, evolutionary principles that Mr. Heard uses to interpret those claimed facts and to give them current human significance are recapitulation and neoteny. Recapitulation is the nineteenth-century theory that the life of an individual (its ontogeny) closely repeats the evolution of its ancestors (its phylogeny). Both in its original form and as used by Mr. Heard, that idea has long since been exploded and discarded by qualified evolutionists. Those few psychologists who still take it as a working principle do so at great risk and contrary to evidence.

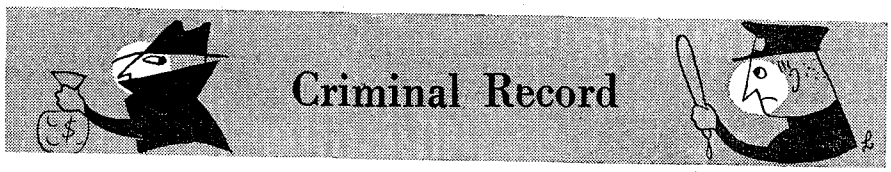
Neoteny has somehow been promoted by Mr. Heard to a creative principle on which the evolutionary progress of mankind depends. In fact, however, neoteny is quite simply the acceleration of sexual maturity to the point where animals otherwise juvenile nevertheless breed; alternatively, it means that maturation other than sexual is deferred or entirely eliminated. Opinions may differ, but probably few will consider this phenomenon especially desirable for mankind.

In some respects Mr. Heard's biological and psychological notions are not so much flatly wrong as shallow and distorted, in ways that cannot be fully stated and corrected in a brief review.

The publishers quote Christopher Isherwood as saying, "One almost feels that if human history had not existed Gerald Heard could have created it." As far as this version of it is concerned, he has.



—*From "Five Ages of Man."*



The Decayed Gentlewoman. *By E. X. Ferrars. Crime Club.* $3.50. Edinburgh M.D., visiting London, becomes involved in murder case; second body turns up; valuable painting is center of attention. Sprightly yarn holds up well.

The Graveyard Rolls. *By Maurice Procter. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Chief Inspector Martineau of Granchester (huge English city) explores high and low life to find killer of leading industrialist and kin. Good straight-out police job, but somewhat overcrowded.

The Grudge. *By Bert and Dolores Hitchens. Crime Club.* $3.50. Dynamite bangs all over in this latest Southern California railroad-cops job by a tried and true team.

The Ipcress File. *By Len Deighton. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. Espionage fans will devour whole this highly literate, world-circling thriller by a British newcomer; there's even an honest-to-goodness appendix. You can't go wrong here.

The Killing Game. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.50. Chief Inspector Thane of Glasgow police and aides, in pursuit of killer, also have to keep eye on Russian VIP on tour; golf match at St. Andrews featured. Nice going all the way.

Ellery Queen's 1964 Anthology. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis Publications. Paperback.* $1. Two short novels (Stout and Armstrong), three novelettes, and fifteen short stories make up this fourth annual offering (320 pages as always). An unbeatable bargain.

A Sad Song Singing. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Mac, Chi eye, accepts seventeen-year-old female client who seeks missing boyfriend; Illinois and Indiana rural areas covered; this one is tough and idyllic at same time. A feather in his cap.

The Neon Haystack. *By James Michael Ullman. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Engineer revisits Midwest megalopolis in quest of vanished brother; all sorts and conditions of folk help and hinder. Panoramic performance holds attention nicely.

The Minister and the Choir Singer. *By William Kunstler. Morrow.* $5.95. This full treatment of the Hall-Mills murder case of 1922-on, certainly America's ranking unsolved murder of this century, is a lavishly detailed, thorough, intensely readable performance; author offers highly plausible explanation of what could have happened. Fine pix, too.

Down These Mean Streets a Man Must Go: Raymond Chandler's Knight. *By Philip Durham. Univ. of North Carolina Press.* $5. This admirable summary of an ace crime novelist's career and critical scrutiny of his work is by an associate professor of English at UCLA.

Sprung: The Release of Willie Calloway. *By Ken McCormick. Foreword by Harry Golden. St. Martin's* $4.95. Detroit newshawk presents detailed factual story of righting of miscarriage of justice in murder case involving Negro youth. Vivid and heart-warming.

Amateur Agent. *By Ewan Butler. Norton.* $4.50. British officer who served in SOE (counterpart of American OSS) tells true story of recruitment and assignment of behind-enemy-lines operatives. Absorbing, authentic narrative has humor along with grimness.

The Chill. *By Ross Macdonald. Knopf.* $3.95. Lew Archer, literate West Coast eye, looks into four murders covering twenty-two-year span and 2,000 miles. Holds up all the way, as expected of this skilled technician.

The Witch's House. *By Charlotte Armstrong. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. When a pair of Southern California profs disappear simultaneously, their kinfolk call in cops (good ones); chase covers much ground. Exciting and well-paced, with cast of reasonable dimensions.

The Incident in the Merry Hippo. *By Elspeth Huxley. Morrow.* $3.95. British commission making arrangements for independence of former African protectorate runs into snags, including murder. Memorable suspense number, with excellent humorous bits and a fine awareness of the locality.

Shirley. *By E. V. Cunningham. Doubleday.* $3.95. Pert New York office gal, confronted by death threat, seeks to work herself out of jam by using her head; does all right. Subtitled "An Entertainment," and it's exactly that.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

It is not unusual to find available two books by the same man; but when that man is the author of *The Mothers* (Universal, $2.65), a landmark in anthropology, and *Europa* (MacFadden, 95¢), a novel that is a masterpiece, there is cause for surprise.

Here are some bare facts about Robert Briffault: He was born in 1876 to a British mother and a French father, who raised him in Florence and educated him in England. Briffault finally became a doctor and emigrated to New Zealand. He served during World War I, after which, now a widower, he settled down in London with his children. In 1930 he married a second time, an American girl some twenty-five years younger. The Nazi occupation of France trapped him in that country for the duration of World War II. Afterwards, frail and ailing, he was denied a United States visa, in spite of his wife's efforts, probably because of his leftist sympathies. He was seventy-two when he died in London in 1948.

The present edition of *The Mothers* contains less than a fifth of the original text. The enormously erudite Briffault, who spoke four languages with equal fluency, was an early investigator of evolutionary theories, of psychology, and of anthropology. Angered by what he felt were highly questionable assertions on the part of men of international reputation that the earliest societies were patriarchal in origin, he abandoned medicine, and in 1927 published *The Mothers*, which effectively advanced the matriarchal theory of social origins and which stands as an anthropological milestone.

He has been called "the first angry man." In 1935, when he was nearly sixty, his *Europa* appeared. Witty in tone, panoramic in scope, daring in style, it presents Europe in the years that led to the First World War. But it also has the ingredients of every great novel: a variety of characters clearly seen and deeply felt.

—ROLLENE SAAL.

Fiction

An important segment in the unfolding epic of the Glass family is J. D. Salinger's *Franny and Zooey* (Bantam, 75¢). Each of these two stories ran through an interminable number of pages in *The New Yorker*. Franny is mystical, and Zooey takes a long, long bath. Both are wonderful. So is *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (Delta, $1.65), Muriel Spark's original and characteristically devastating tale of a teacher's influence upon some impressionable young ladies. An equally unusual academic personality is Professor Timofey Pnin, the non-hero of Vladmir Nabokov's *Pnin* (Atheneum, $1.25), a novel that Mark Schorer has aptly described as "profoundly delightful." Less profound but just as appealing is Pamela Frankau's *A Wreath for the Enemy* (Signet, 60¢), about a madcap adolescent on the Riviera. The first section, "The Duchess and the Smugs," is just about perfect.

An uncommonly good Southern novel is Elizabeth Spencer's *The Voice at the Back Door* (Signet, 75¢). The voice is that of a Mississippi Negro: "It seemed that they had heard him for certain all the time, for no telling how long, for it is part of the consciousness of a Southern household that a Negro is calling at the back door in the night."

Duly noted: François Mauriac's glistening portrait *Thérèse* (Noonday, $1.65, translated by Gerard Hopkins); Leo Rosten's *The Return of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* (Harper, $1.35)—we're glad to have him back; Eric Ambler's super-thriller *A Coffin for Dimitrios* (Dell, 60¢).

Center Stage

Long before the theater of the absurd presented characters conversing in ash cans, German dramatists were experimenting with the bizarre and dreamlike. *An Anthology of German Expressionist Drama* (Anchor original, $1.45), edited by Walter H. Sokel, offers plays by Georg Kaiser, painter Oskar Kokoschka, and (prize of the collection) Bertolt Brecht's *Baal*, appearing for the first time in English.

Each of these plays points the way to Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* (Vintage, $1.45, translated by Sylvia and George Leeson), a five-act drama about conscience and guilt in postwar Germany. Our own selection for the absurdest of the absurd is Lawrence Ferlinghetti's *Unfair Arguments with Existence* (New Directions, $1.50), seven brief plays; one of them is set in the ladies' washroom on an ocean liner, while the protagonist of another is an alligator "six feet long, no longer so young."

One of the season's most talked-about collaborations is Edward Albee's dramatization of Carson McCullers's novella *The Ballad of the Sad Café* (Atheneum, $1.75). *SR*'s Henry Hewes called it "the most fascinating and evocative work by an American playwright (or perhaps one should say two playwrights) this season." Also newly available is Miss McCullers's *The Member of the Wedding* (New Directions, $1.25), which won the 1950 New York Drama Critics Award and introduced Julie Harris to theatergoers.

Duly noted: Laurel Masterpieces of Continental Drama; the three volumes, properly annotated and introduced by Norris Houghton, include *The Golden Age* (75¢), *The Romantic Influence* (95¢), and *Seeds of Modern Drama* (75¢). Barbara and Arthur Gelb's *O'Neill* (Delta, $3.75), nearly 1,000 pages long, is tirelessly researched, endlessly detailed, and exhausting except for the most ardent devotee. Lee Simonson's *The Stage Is Set* (Theatre Arts, $3.95) is the story of stagecraft, its past, present, and future, by a man who ought to know.

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History

Seldom is an era of the past served up with the blend of spice and intrigue found in the Italian Renaissance. One of the most lustrous sourcebooks for material about this fascinating age is the memoirs of Vespasiano, whose bookshop in fifteenth-century Florence was a gathering place for Italy's intellectual élite. *Renaissance Princes, Popes and Prelates* (Torchbooks, $2.45) reveals a richly human aspect in its portraits of Pope Nicholas V, King Alfonso of Naples, and Vespasiano's patron, Cosimo de' Medici. A turn-of-this-century's look back at that golden period is provided by Frederick, Baron Corvo, the flamboyant, opinionated, lively Englishman, in *Chronicles of the House of Borgia* (Dover, $2). The Borgias, suggests Corvo, were more sinned against than sinning, while Lucrezia was just a poor misunderstood girl.

Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History: Reconsiderations* (Galaxy, $2.95), the twelfth volume in that massive series, has just been published in paperback. During the twenty-eight years it took the author to write the previous books, certain discoveries, archeological and scientific, made decisive changes in our view of ancient civilizations. In *Reconsiderations* Dr. Toynbee replies to the challenges of his critics; according to William Barret, "it is a better compendium of the whole series because it gives us Toynbee wrestling with the inner meanings of his whole synthesis."

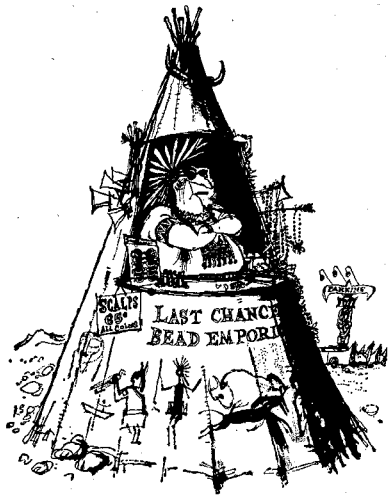
And finally there is *The Use of History* (Collier, 95¢), A. L. Rowse's brilliant explication of everything practicable and pleasurable in the study of the past.

Race Relations

Two significant books about race relations, each written from a different vantage point, have recently been published in paperback. One is Kyle H. Haselden's *The Racial Problem in Christian Perspective* (Torchbooks, $1.45), an eloquent statement by a leading Protestant minister, now editor of the *Christian Century*; while the other, *Racial Crisis in America: Leadership in Conflict* (Spectrum, $1.95), by Florida State University sociologists Lewis Killian and Charles Grigg, analyzes the various interrelated roles (*e.g.*, the Negro, the white liberal, the segregationist) in the race drama.

One of the harshest voices raised in this cause is that of James Baldwin, whose writing, vigorous and violent as it frequently is, is nowhere as effective as in his personal essays, such as *The Fire Next Time* (Delta, $1.65). Especially well drawn is Baldwin's dour encounter with the Black Muslims.

"Too many books about the United States are written by men who have spent only a few weeks in the country. This one is different: it is by a man who has never been there in his life," notes Alex Atkinson in *"USA for Beginners"* (Penguin, 95¢), an Englishman's blunderful Baedeker to an imaginary cross-country tour. The drawings are the work of the inimitable Ronald Searle.



Clement Eaton's *The Growth of Southern Civilization* (Torchbooks, $2.45) is particularly vivid in its description of Negro resistance, often far from passive, during the years of slavery. Another documented study of this subject is Herbert Aptheker's *American Negro Slave Revolts* (New World, $2.25). Also of interest is W. E. B. DuBois's *The Souls of Black Folk* (Crest, 60¢), the distinguished social historian's explication of the Negroes' struggle for freedom.

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price 20¢ for packaging and handling.

Anchor, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Atheneum, 162 E. 38 St., NYC 16.
Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., NYC 16.
Collier, 111 Fourth Ave., NYC 3.
Crest, 67 W. 44 St., NYC 36.
Dell and Delta, 750 Third Ave., NYC 17.
Dover, 180 Varick St., NYC 14.
Galaxy, 217 Fifth Ave., NYC 16.
Harper Torchbooks, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 16.
Macfadden, 205 E. 42 St., NYC 17.
Noonday, 19 Union Sq. W., NYC 3.
New Directions, 333 Ave. of the Americas, NYC 14.
New World, 381 Park Ave. S., NYC 16.
Signet, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Spectrum, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N. J.
Theatre Arts Books, 333 Ave. of the Americas, NYC 14.
Universal, 1107 Broadway, NYC 10.
Vintage, 457 Madison Ave., NYC 22.

Coming March 21

SR's Annual Reference Book Survey

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The Laborers Follow the Leaders

The State of the Unions, *by Paul Jacobs (Atheneum. 303 pp. $5),* ***Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States,*** *by B. J. Widick (Houghton Mifflin. 256 pp. $3.75), and* ***The Disenchanted Unionist,*** *by Paul E. Sultan (Harper & Row. 272 pp. $5.95), examine the moral decline of trade unions and how they have become problems for the workers. Milton R. Konvitz is professor of industrial and labor relations and of law at Cornell University.*

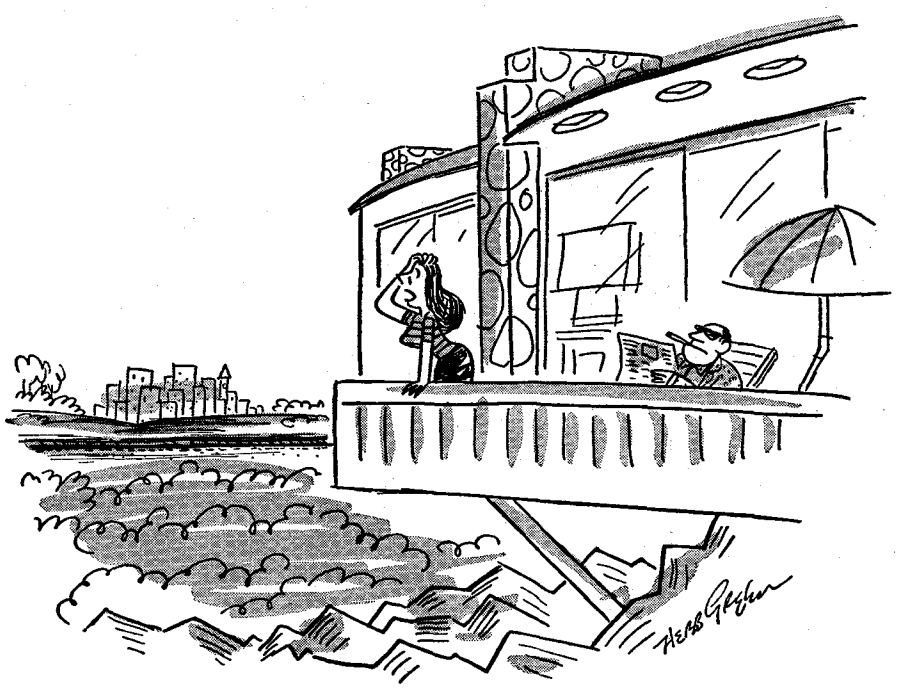
By MILTON R. KONVITZ

EACH of these authors, convinced that trade unionism has justified itself as a liberating and progressive force in society, writes about the gulf that has developed between American workers and their unions. There is a considerable group of critics who—like Paul Jacobs, B. J. Widick, and Paul E. Sultan—have, in varying degrees, loyalties to the trade union movement and who yet see that movement in the midst of a grave moral and social crisis. It is a group that is growing in influence and size, numbering as members Solomon Barkin, William Gomberg, Albert A. Blum, Kermit Eby, Gus Tyler, Sidney Lens, H. W. Benson, Robert Bendiner, Will Herberg, Daniel Bell, Frank Marquart, S. M. Lipset, Murray Kempton, and the late C. Wright Mills.

In one of his early writings Marx took from Hegel the concept of *Entfremdung,* alienation, and applied it to the proletarian class. Marx saw the worker in a capitalist society alienated from his work, alienated from mankind, and alienated from the whole world that is the product of the worker, the *Sachenwelt,* the world of things that confronts its maker as a strange and threatening force. Now the intellectual friends of the worker see another kind of alienation: the worker is alienated from his union, which has, in a perplexing way, become part of the *Sachenwelt.* These critics do not write in anger. They are friends, not foes, of organized labor. There is a note of sadness in their complaints, and often one seems to hear them say to the union leaders: "It hurts me no end to say this, but if your best friends will not tell you, who will?" And there is a prophetic overtone in their words, for whether they say this expressly or not, their writings have a message: they are a plea for a reformation, a mending of the ways, a restoration of wholeness, with the heart of the worker turning to the union leader, and the heart of the union leader turning to the worker—as it was in the good old days, and as it may be again.

Professor Sultan quotes a worker who said to him: "What I now need is a union to represent me to my own union." This pathetic outburst may stand as a fair summary of the burden of the books by Messrs. Jacobs, Widick, and Sultan. Although they vary considerably in style, approach, content, and emphasis, the books point up the phenomenon of alienation that comes, they say, from an increasing bureaucratization of union administration, the centralization of union control, the absence (except in one union) of a two-party political process within unions, the absence (except in two unions) of an apparatus for fair judicial review of members' complaints against their unions.

THE malaise manifests itself in many ways: Unions are resorting to public relations firms to tell them what their members think. Active members in unions comprise but 3 to 10 per cent. The trade union press has become stale and dull. Unions have lost influence in national and state politics. National bargaining has left little autonomy for the locals. The labor leader finds it easier to talk with his business counterpart than with a member of his union. Union leaders have no ideology or idealism, for their interest is to preserve the status quo and to remain in office. Union membership has declined and will continue to decline; white-collar workers now outnumber blue-collar workers, and the former are not interested in unionization. The unions have neglected and antagonized the Negro workers; the unions are neglecting the millions who are unemployed, the migrant workers, and the agricultural workers. Unions are not meeting the challenge of technological change and the resultant displacement of workers. Featherbed-



"Good grief, Thorton, do you realize we live on the wrong side of the tracks!"

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ding practices have a demoralizing effect on the workers who engage in them; their motivation—job security—should be met in other ways. Automated plants that can be operated by supervisory personnel reduce the effectiveness of strikes as an economic weapon. The principle of seniority in a shrinking job market is having profound effects on the younger people who are trying to find work. Compulsory arbitration is becoming respectable as collective bargaining weakens or collapses. Bargaining issues have become increasingly complex and national in reach, so that economists, actuaries, lawyers, statisticians, and the international or national officialdom have much more to say than do the rank-and-file members. Trade unions are business institutions rather than a movement. Union leaders have become impersonal and are detached from the members, so there is no union tolerance of human frailty, and no compassion for individual hardship, with the result that the union works *on* the members rather than *through* them. Unions lose a large proportion of NLRB elections, and there are a great number of unfair labor practice cases brought against unions by individual workers. Unions enjoy financial resources, thanks in part to the automatic check-off, but have weak intellectual and moral reserves.

THE list of afflictions in this composite bill of particulars could be extended, and whether or not it makes for pleasant reading depends on the reader's social philosophy; but, pleasant or otherwise, the facts and allegations of fact deserve careful scrutiny.

If there is one cure on which the authors are in agreement it is that unions must find ways to provide members with a capacity to influence or alter union policy without weakening the authority, security, and power of the union as it faces the employer. We see here again the dilemma as it was formulated by Lincoln: "Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?"

There are difficult questions and no easy answers when success comes to an institution which has its roots in frustrations and defeats. One must believe that the new frustrations and defeats will tend to recreate the institution to reflect the new conditions, the new challenges, the new problems.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 29

stupidity in the American scene." I think Capp is nearer to Crockett and Locke than he is to Nast; that is to say, he is primarily a humorist and only incidentally a satirist. I also think that White might well have mentioned Mark Twain. Capp, to be sure, does not come anywhere near to Mark Twain's great creations, such as *Huckleberry Finn,* but he shows the kind of inventiveness that Twain showed in *Tom Sawyer Abroad* and *Tom Sawyer, Detective,* in parts of *Pudd'nhead Wilson,* and in many of the shorter pieces. I am sure that, if Mark Twain were alive today, he would take pleasure in *Li'l Abner.*

The question that remains is why Capp has won and kept such a tremendous following. He himself, in an interview with Professor White, has pointed out that he deals with perennial themes —death, love, and power. "I think," he goes on, "the whole meaning of existence, the great reward for having lived though a day, is that the day isn't as bad as it might have been. I think that's one of the satisfactions people get out of reading *Li'l Abner,* that no matter how badly their day went, his went worse." As indication that Capp takes his theory seriously, we might note that the hero of Abner's favorite cartoon strip, Fearless Fosdick, "the ideel of every red-blooded American boy," blunders even more stupidly and more disastrously than Abner himself.

But I'm afraid that we haven't found the secret either of Capp's tremendous popular success or of his appeal to a variety of highbrows. I should like to suggest that his chief attribute, even beyond his inventiveness and his technical proficiency, is his sense of the absurd. Probably his humor is closest to that of S. J. Perelman; but his work also reminds me of some of E. E. Cummings's poetry and of the novels of Joseph Heller, Thomas Berger, and Thomas Pynchon. Dogpatch, a hillbilly settlement that is somehow next door to New York City, contains within its presumably narrow borders the most extraordinary collection of grotesques ever assembled. No one, whether he lives in Dogpatch, New York, or Slobbovia, makes sense. Slobbovia, perhaps conceived as a rather easy satire of the Iron Curtain countries, turns out to be another dwelling place of grotesques.

The feeling that life may be a bad joke is not limited to the intellectuals; it stirs in the minds of the millions, for whom, in his absurd way, Al Capp articulates it. Like many of the characters in stage comedy, from classic times to the present, Li'l Abner is both hero and fool, and we recognize ourselves in him.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

"But, Max, genuine folk songs just don't contain words like 'capitalist-exploiters'. . . ."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 1, 7, 2, 9, 3, 10, 6, 5, 4.

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

JAMES, SEUMAS AND JACQUES: Unpublished Writings of James Stephens. Edited by Lloyd Frankenberg. Macmillan. $6.95.

SELECTED WRITINGS: Poetry and Criticism. By Herbert Read. Horizon. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

DEATH IN DEAKINS WOOD. By Rhona Petrie. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

FLIGHT OF THE BAT. By Donald Gordon. Morrow. $3.95.

THE GENTLEMEN REFORM. By John Boland. Macmillan. $3.95.

MAKE A KILLING. By Harold Q. Masur. Random House. $3.95.

SPY MYSTERIES UNVEILED. By Col. Vernon Hinchley. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

Current Affairs

AFTER THE COSSACKS BURNED DOWN THE "Y." By Eddy Gilmore. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

THE MIDDLE EAST AND THE WEST. By Bernard Lewis. Indiana Univ. Press. $3.75.

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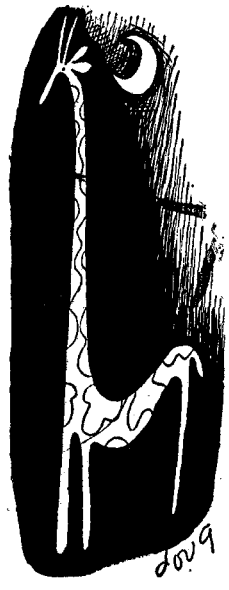

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—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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A New Trial for *Onegin*—Szell-Suk

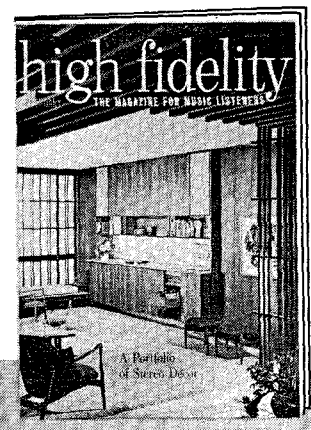
THOSE who contend that there is an evening of absorbing musical theater in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* may have a weight of circumstantial evidence to support their case, but it is still to be proven in the court of opinion that convenes at the Metropolitan Opera House. Considering that it can muster a famous scene for soprano in the first act as well as solos and duets for the baritone, a celebrated tenor air in the second, and an opportunity for the basso to roll profoundly in the third while reminders recur of Tchaikovsky's pre-eminence as a ballet composer, the case for the defense would seem overwhelming.

When the issue was last argued (in 1958) the presentation for a favorable verdict was less than convincing. Currently the defense has enlisted one of its most persuasive counsels—a veritable Portia—to make its opening and closing plea. Apt as she is in criminal cases (such as Aïda *vs.* the state of Egypt, or the killing in self-defense of Baron Scarpia), Leontyne Price has yet to prove her equal abilities in domestic relations. These, after all, turn on delicate nuances of character as well as a grasp of situation, and Miss Price was at a disadvantage in dealing with the wavery character of the youthful Tatiana. She excels in broad strokes of musical logic, which do not yet suffice for a certain letter of intention addressed to Onegin. There was greater weight in her closing address of renunciation, but the whole case could have been better prepared.

Among new attorneys who were gathered to strengthen Tchaikovsky's case were William Dooley, who has not previously appeared in this court, in the title role; Jess Thomas, well known for briefs on behalf of German clients, and Lili Chookasian, a dependable barrister for any case involving delinquent mothers, suspect aunts, doting nurses, etc. Dooley showed excellent vocal endowment, seriousness of purpose, and composure under trying circumstances. He is undoubtedly destined to win a majority of decisions on which he goes to trial, for he showed strong powers of persuasion in dealing with a case as complex as Onegin's. Thomas's appeal for Lenski was intelligently made, though it is questionable that he is as yet able to bear so heavy a burden as this plea.

ONE could go on in similar vein to apply such imagery to the renewed efforts of Rosalind Elias as Olga and Giorgio Tozzi as Prince Gremin. But this would leave out of accounting the non-atmospheric effect, in key assignments, of Henry Butler as stage director and Thomas Schippers as his musical coequal. What this *Onegin* lacked was not so much malleable vocal materials—Miss Price has much of that, as do Messrs. Dooley and Thomas—as a pervasive sense of style, or an informed point of view, or even a show of great personal conviction, from those charged with instructing the others in their undertakings. As an example: the changes of tempo that make Tatiana's Letter Scene the fluid thing it is were only mechanically provided, while the slow tempo for Prince Gremin's air brought it to the brink of inanimation, at the same time putting difficulties in the way of Tozzi's articulation of it. Furthermore, an insistent three-four is not the way to make the waltz of Act II really dance (aside entirely from the lacks of Zachary Solov's choreography). So, in the end, the verdict must be "Not Proven," with a dismissal "without prejudice" for some future argument on the same subject.

For those who may have speculated how the Metropolitan audience might fare without the guidance of the experienced applauders in the standing space, the standeeless *Otello* (on the day of the Great Flap, or how two weeks became one afternoon) provided a convincing answer: very well. There was abundant enthusiasm for James McCracken's Otello, which becomes more remarkable, performance by performance, for some aspects of Leonie Rysanek's Desdemonna, and for the



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effort of Anselmo Colzani as Iago. To be sure, the end of the Credo passed without an outburst, but this could have related either to Nello Santi's pressing on to the next measure, or just to discrimination. (Its range puts a searching light on Colzani's vocal shortcomings.)

George Szell and Josef Krips were in agreement last week that the preferable way to open an orchestral program in mid-February is with a Weber overture. Their choices resulted in one performance of the *Oberon* that was dazzling for evenness, brio, and truly aerial horn calls; the other was effortful and plodding. The difference had to do not so much with which conductor directed which work but, rather, which conductor directed which orchestra.

As the leader of his own visiting Cleveland ensemble, Szell was rewarded with a quality of effort that was not merely cohesive but wholehearted. There have been notable performances of the *Oberon* in times past by Koussevitzky, Toscanini, Walter, Rodzinski, Barbirolli, among others; but rarely one in which the art of orchestral performance was so plainly the concern of every man on the platform. It may be that the Cleveland is currently the only orchestra in America in which such a totality of application is matched with the kind of direction to make the most of it.

There was, in addition to a beautifully clear, skilfully drawn Mozart No. 34, a new soloist of quality in Josef Suk, who is this generation's inheritor of the name celebrated in Czech musical history. He is, furthermore, a violinist and a very good one, from the evenly sonorous tone he draws to the cultivated, intensely musical use he makes of it. By the measure of some more flamboyant performers, his style is all poise, finesse, and economy, in which nothing is done for show, but all that needs to be done for artistry is available to him. A degree more of temperament and fire would have been welcome, but the Dvořák concerto, which was his choice for an introductory work, hardly invites it. Szell's novelty was a set of variations by Walton on a theme of Hindemith, which accomplished its objective artfully.

Once he had persuaded the Philharmonic to go his way rather than theirs in the *Euryanthe* overture, Krips had a more harmonious time of it with Claudio Arrau as soloist in the D-minor Concerto of Brahms. There are not many contemporaries who can muster the breadth of sound for the trills and octaves of the opening movement while dealing still in sonority rather than noise. His is a big conception in every way—big in sound, big in style, and big in the dimensions assigned to each section—and he sustained it admirably throughout, Krips was also sympathetic to Szell's partiality to Walton, his selection being the first symphony of the early Thirties. It speaks clearly of several things, but most particularly of the esteem then enjoyed by the symphonies of Sibelius.

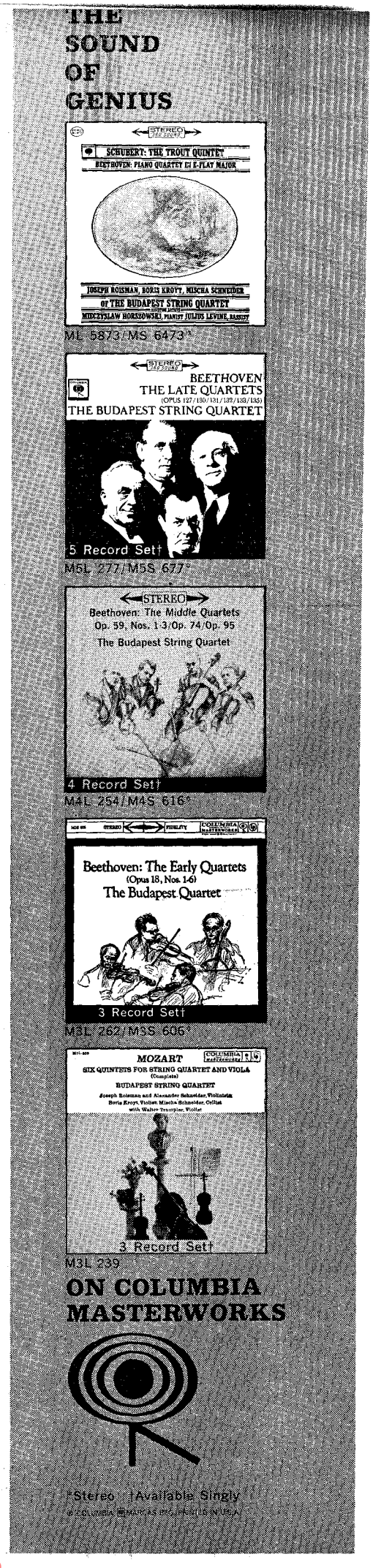
—Irving Kolodin.

Double Dialogue
Homage to Robert Frost

By Muriel Rukeyser

IN agony saying: "The last night of his life,
My son and I in the kitchen: At half-past one
He said, 'I have failed as a husband. Now my wife
Is ill again and suffering.' At two
He said, 'I have failed as a farmer, for the sun
Is never there, the rain is never there.'
At three he said, 'I have failed as a poet who
Has never not once found my listeners.
There is no sense to my life.' But then he heard me out.
I argued point by point. Seemed to win. Won.
He spoke to me once more when I was done:
'Even in argument, father, I have lost.'
He went and shot himself. Now tell me this one thing:
Should I have let him win then? Was I wrong?"

To answer for the land for love for song
Arguing life for life even at your life's cost.



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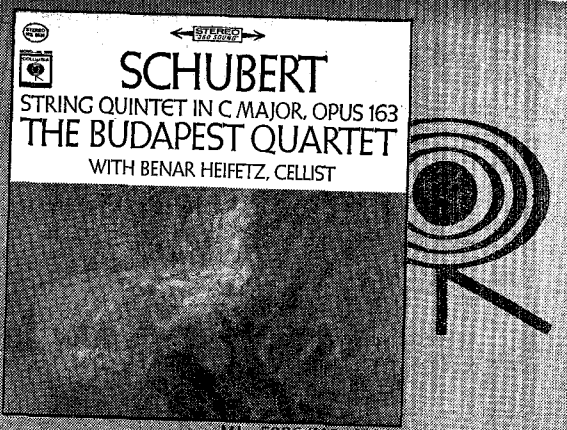
"**THESE BOYS** play and think young," says a musician 30 years younger than any member of the Budapest String Quartet. "They are constantly on the lookout for a new insight or a fresh idea."

No wonder famous soloists such as Serkin, Oppenheim and Horszowski love to play quintets with them. Now the distinguished cellist, Benar Heifetz, has joined with the Budapest to record Schubert's soaring Quintet in C Major.

If you have never heard this work before, you will delight in its abundant flow of song-like melody and the deep-throated sonorities of the paired cellos. If you already know its glories, you will be amazed at what new shades of meaning this young-in-heart group has discovered.



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THE BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET ON COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS

Leigh Weiner

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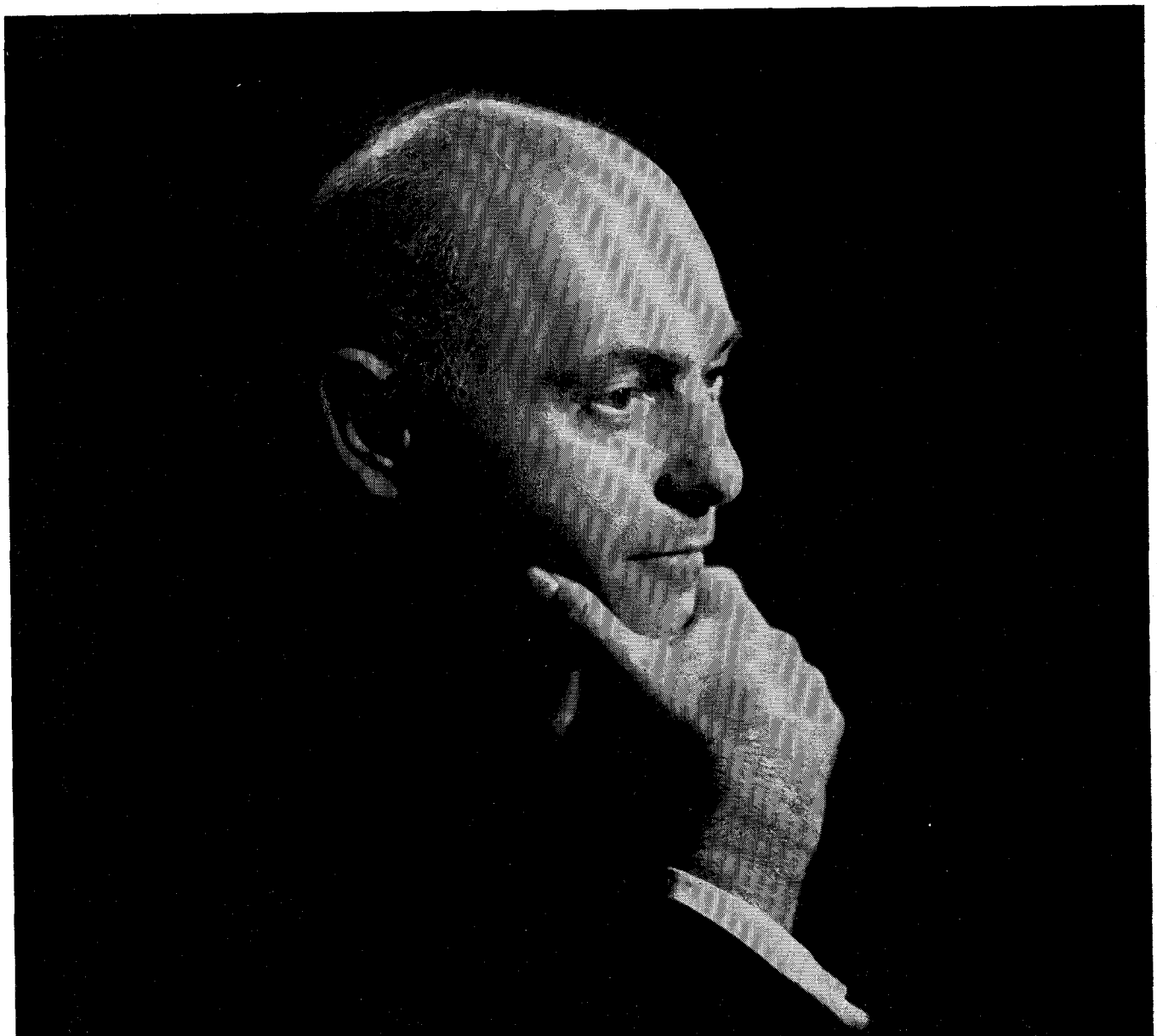

His Wagner records are universally recognized monuments, and his Mahler has been acclaimed for its warmth and humanity. Under his baton Von Suppé overtures have breathtaking zest and sparkle, whereas his Schubert and Mendelssohn display delicacy and affection. Georg Solti is a musician of contrasts as he is a man of contrasts. In conversation, his eyes have a gentle, elf-like gleam, yet on the podium he seems at times to be possessed by a demon. Critics have compared his brilliance, intensity and accuracy with Toscanini, while they evoke the name of his other great inspiration—Furtwängler, when speaking of his warmth, sweep and nobility.

Perhaps Solti's greatness is the fusion of these musical and human virtues. Certainly his stature among contemporary conductors is universally recognized, so much so in fact that **he is the most honored conductor in the history of recorded music. He alone has received more than once the most sought after award in the record world**—the French Academy du Disque *Prix de la Plus Grande Realisation Phonographique Mondiale*. It would be historic to have twice received this award for the world's finest phonographic accomplishment, but Solti has received it no less than four times.

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—*Lennart Nilsson.*

Ingmar Bergman and his wife—"They live in, and with, music. . . ."

INGMAR BERGMAN, THE LISTENER

SR/RECORDINGS

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By OSCAR HEDLUND

IN the script of his film *The Silence,* Ingmar Bergman discloses a great love and passion that he most often only hints at:

> On the desk are few sheets of paper completely covered with Ester's microscopic handwriting. Certain words are in block letters, however: HADJEK = soul, MAGROV = anxiety, fear, KRASCJ = joy. After this she had written: "We listened to Bach. A moment of peace. I felt no fear of dying. . . ."

This fragment of a sketch from Bergman's film-making says everything about a basic need always to be found with Bergman—namely, music. Music, often that of Johann Sebastian Bach, has an important role in his films. This fact shows clearly in *The Silence.* Here Ingmar Bergman has replaced the musical intimations and symbols of his earlier films with thick, passionate strokes of the brush. The word *Bach* appears intensely in the strange, incomprehensible language spoken by the people in the town of Timoka. Sturdy, confident harpsichord music suddenly shines forth through the silence of God and the solitude of the people. Ingmar Bergman's visions give us no consolation; this he assigns to the evangelist Johann Sebastian Bach. *The Silence* conveys the message that the music conveys to Ingmar Bergman: "We listened to Bach. A moment of peace. I felt no fear of dying. . . ."

I visited the home of Ingmar Bergman and his wife Käbi Laretei. They live in Djursholm, one of Stockholm's most exclusive suburbs. Bergman and his wife, however, judge their surroundings by other standards: light, air, silence. From their home a great meadow is visible; it seems to have detached itself from a pine forest. They live on a back

The author of this article is music editor of *Rosteri Radio/TV,* official magazine of the Swedish Broadcasting Corporation.

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road, and it is hard to find one's way there if one has not been given special directions.

We sat in the music room, enjoying silence and strawberries. Ingmar Bergman had come home after a hard day at Film City, where he was making a comedy in color. Tired after his day's work of filming, he was circling a little before landing. It must be wonderful to come home to a music room like this. The light from the meadow and the garden flowed around the legs of the grand piano and the cembalo and made the instruments appear weightless. The black grand piano seemed deferentially to stand on tiptoe.

Ingmar Bergman is often asked what has made him put his roots down so deeply in Sweden, what made him so Swedish in his artistic creativeness. His answer is that he does not really know but that probably it is the light of Sweden. He is sensitive to light, its composition and color. He discovered this abroad, in the experience of contrasts. In the Alps, he suffered grievously from the hard brilliance of the light. The light of southern France, he says, could bring him to madness: light there breaks its way in with brutal force. And darkness—not the overadvertised sable velvet, but a black sack—falls like a headsman's ax. The Mediterranean is so oddly blue; he has never been able to comprehend it.

SWEDISH light, however, is slow in its coming; the pendulum of nature swings solemnly from winter to summer, whose advent is a time of steadily heightening bliss. Light is a stage effect of nature. If the film and theatre are organs of light whose keys can be played, there is much that their players can learn.

Immediately above their music room is Ingmar Bergman's workroom. Käbi Laretei, a concert pianist at practice, and Ingmar Bergman working in the room above—how does the combination work? Very well, where the classics are concerned; badly, with modern music. This is probably so because the classical composers represent what one has grown accustomed to; Bach and Beethoven and Mozart can be screened off as a magical drop-curtain. But modern music affects Ingmar Bergman like a roof collapsing about his ears.

They live in and with music. The consequence is a virulent hypersensitivity to sound. Bergman cannot stand the noise of lawnmowers, vacuum cleaners, untuned pianos, and pilots of aircraft who bawl announcements over loudspeakers. Do aircraft companies deliberately use bad loudspeakers? Sound equipment on airplanes deforms the voices of pilots (in themselves undoubtedly human enough) into thunderous instruments of terror. Käbi has more patience, but she shrinks from badly soundproofed hotel rooms. A concert pianist can accustom herself to untuned pianos, however, for one cannot have everything one desires in this world.

Bergman begins to talk about the relationship of film and music. "My idea is that they are much the same," he says. "They are means of expression and communication that bypass man's reason and touch his emotional centers. The film isn't just a picture. Music isn't just a sound. Both of them work with rhythmic sequences, harmonies, colors, relations, forms. As a creator of films, I have learned an enormous amount from my dedication to music, which is a major part of my life. I see more and more clearly that the film as an art form is approaching a discovery of its essential self. It should communicate psychic states, not merely project pictures of external actions. Communication of this kind has always been the basic function of music."

"How do you perceive this connection between film and music? As something immediately palpable, I mean?"

"In the difficulty in finding music of the kind we call 'film music.' The term 'film music' is really absurd. It's a matter of logic—you just can't accompany music by music. So you have to insert the music into the film as a new dimension. Music reinforces a depicted mood. The pictured word describes it."

Ingmar Bergman's selections of film music have been complex processes of searching and rejection. For his *Through a Glass Darkly* he found the Saraband from Bach's Suite in D minor for violoncello solo. Why Bach? And why this saraband?

"Because I thought that only Bach and only that passage from Bach's music were *ethically* motivated. It was the contrast with the genuine accompaniment to the whole milieu: the sea, the cries of birds, the wind, a foghorn, etc. The sound of the foghorn was harder to capture than the music. For a long time I was searching for the exact note and precise shade of sound in that damned foghorn. We found a fantastic contraption after a nerve-racking trial audition of foghorns. The one you can hear in *Through a Glass Darkly* is as old as the hills, a most ingenious contrivance that regulates itself by means of real Chinese hair. Damp makes the hair contract and the thing roars of its own accord! Isn't it fantastic?

"Bach. Well, Bach was to be one of the leitmotifs in my film trilogy: *Through a Glass Darkly, Winter Light, The Silence*. But I found that it wouldn't work. The same exquisite saraband was quite wrong in *Winter Light*. It was a symbol of eternity, a pulsebeat of nature, in *Through a Glass Darkly*. In *Winter Light*, it was simply a sentimentality. There's no faith there, just the penetrating vision and a clean sweep with no response. Bach won't do there at all."

Ingmar Bergman uses Bach's music in *The Silence*. The silence of God is the leading motif of the film—God's negative imprint on the world. The fragile music of a cembalo is heard suddenly from a portable radio; the slow twenty-fifth movement from the Goldberg Variations. For an instant the world shimmers with light: emptiness and silence are thrust into the background. From the director's point of view, Bach has enormous power.

Igor Stravinsky speaks enthusiastically of Bergman's version of *The Rake's Progress*. In one of the opera's most sublime passages Bergman allows light to accompany sound. It is the scene at the madhouse. The madmen writhe in their private hells, without rhythm, torn from the context of human behavior. Then the cradle song comes—the poor wretches become still, their distorted outlines are smoothed out, the lunatics become human. This miracle of transformation takes place in music and a sculptural transmutation of light. Rightly chosen, music can have this function: to cause relief and to mirror patterns of behavior.

INGMAR BERGMAN'S feeling for music is not "intellectual," not the enforced product of pedagogical processes. It has shaped itself out of a series of experiences. His musical contacts in childhood were brief. A pastor's son, Bergman went dutifully with his father and mother to concerts that made no enduring impression on him. A friend of the family, an elderly man who played the fiddle in his spare time, gave small performances in the Bergman household. They could cause a riot in the nursery. Young Ingmar was haunted by gloomy visions of the future and was afflicted by violent attacks of weeping. These violin sessions at nursery distance left bruises on his musical soul; even today he often finds violin music unendurable, though it no longer causes tears. He believes that there is a sensitive violin-nerve in his body. And not all violinists play like Isaac Stern, one of the few who have managed to achieve an *entente* with Ingmar Bergman's central nervous system.

A sound technician at Svensk Filmindustri—Bergman's company, where all his films are made—said once that Ingmar Bergman "hears so damn much." During the filming of *The Virgin Spring* he complained of bad sound quality. The technicians disagreed with him, saying with fatherly smiles that their trained ears were unable to pick up

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anything unusual. Bergman was adamant, however, and discussion ended with an intermission, so that a special apparatus for micro-analyzing the sound track could be obtained. This disclosed distortion, but at such a low volume that a normal human ear was unable to detect it. Bergman may thus refer to the diaries of his own sound technicians if his remarkable sensitivity to sound is questioned.

"What can you tolerate? What is your favorite instrument—a little flute?"

"By all means, no. I'm in love with percussion. When I was a child the sound of drums could put me into an ecstasy. The passion's still there. The music in *Sawdust and Tinsel* was written by Karl-Birger Blomdahl, fantastic music for forty wind and brass instruments, and on top of it all an unheard-of collection of percussion instruments."

"Speaking of exclusive things—Bach, light, silence, the Swedish music professor Karl-Birger Blomdahl—what sort of sound will there be in your next film, the color comedy?"

" 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' . . ."

"Pardon?"

"I said, 'Yes, We Have No Bananas'. I will name the film *Not to Speak of All These Women*, and I had lots of fun making it. The music is gorgeous—a finely balanced, creamy slapstick in notes. I can hardly wait for the opening night, which I hope will start the Bergman Ballyhoo Era."

Ingmar Bergman became a gloomy Wagnerian at the age of ten. Unsuspecting, he went to *Tannhäuser* and was a fanatical devotee of Richard Wagner for many years afterward. He got himself a regular seat at the Stockholm Opera. Two years ago, when he was staging Igor Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, he returned to the seat of his erstwhile bliss and tried it again to see how it felt. The seat felt just as before. Richard Wagner, however, did not.

Ingmar Bergman's development in film and theatre has been described and analyzed by all the world's experts. The musical secondary theme—which is of course a main theme—is liable to be bypassed. Journalistic accounts of the Bergman phenomenon find that his capacity for *listening* has no dramatic value. It makes a more vivid impression, apparently, to stake on Bergman the Demon, Bergman the Magician, cracking the whip of his eloquence and squeezing the souls of actors until the essence of every last drop of dialogue has been expressed.

Listening. The dialogue of chamber music. Counterpoint and legato slurs of word-music. Strictness and form in the verbal score, the interpreter's tenseness and sensibility. These are merely a few key words that suggest truths and distinctive qualities in the world of Ingmar Bergman. Musicians idolize Bergman.

When the news of his marriage reached the red-rimmed eyes of editors of gossipy weeklies, their immediate reaction was to dispatch a battalion of story-writers with general orders from H.Q.: find Romance—the world-famous director and lady-killer deigns to wed the lovely concert pianist, the aristocratic-looking Käbi Laretei!

THERE was much furor in Sweden during the combat of Ingmar Bergman with the press. Police had to protect the newlyweds. Journalists from abroad could be seen lurking in the garden of his house. He is big game for journalist snipers, who are hard as nails and not at all retiring. Bergman respects the work and ambitions of others. But he selects his interviewers in accordance with the principle that those who apply scorched-earth methods in interviewing will have their own earth scorched by Ingmar Bergman. His and his wife's private life has never been stage-lit. The press has been—and is—put on a starvation diet, likely to perish of sheer malnutrition through lack of Bergmaniana. It was perhaps this magnificent and yet always amiable unapproachability that kept alive a delirious popular interest in "what it's like to be married to Ingmar Bergman."

He reminds Käbi of what it was like in England the year they were married. She gives a slight smile.

I believe Sweden knows them well, nevertheless. We have television, of course. There, we have seen and met Ingmar Bergman in the film studio and Käbi Laretei in the music studio. Her musical programs, in which she talks of music and its people after the manner of Leonard Bernstein, are pearls of gay matter-of-factness and instructive elegance. A TV series called *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Film* killed the claptrap about his alleged "fiendishness" and hypnotic séances. In it, we followed the birth of *Winter Light*, were graciously invited to step into the maestro's renowned workshop where, legend has it, the fires of his genius were stoked. There were many, I believe, who were astonished. The "demon" appeared to be nothing of the kind. His directing was made up largely of silence. He never shouts. He listens, like the first violin in a string quartet, like the conductor confronting his orchestra.

Commenting on his chief role, that of a listener, Bergman said, "My first task, of course, is to be the public. Actors feel intensely how I look at them and how I listen to them. It's the public that inspires them. I have to look and listen in a way that will make them bring everything out of themselves. If I slacken, they will, too.

"There has been so much writing and talk about caprice and prima donna temperament. But shouting is absurd; it's like mistreating and scratching your instruments. Do you think actors would be able to put up with me if I did such tricks? Anyway, I would have accepted one of the offers I've had and fled abroad, long ago. To Hollywood, for instance—that's a place where I could raise hell and play the prima donna."

One of Bergman's actors has observed, "He concludes pacts of mutual confidence. His perfect organization, which he sets out with a pedantic demand for exactitude, is a matter of external conditions. What is central is his knowledge of people and his capacity for making us feel sure of ourselves. I believe his foremost quality as a director

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—*Tillhör Bildarkivet.*

Käbi Laretei (Mrs. Bergman)—"Her programs . . . are pearls of gay matter-of-factness."

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Double Dargomyzhsky

By VICTOR SEROFF

IT HAS been a long-cherished dream of Edward Salvato, Jr., currently a captain in the U.S. Army, who is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, to circulate recordings of Russian operas, ballet, and symphonic works seldom performed in Russia and certainly with little chance of being heard anywhere else. This is indeed a labor of love, for Captain Salvato must be fully aware of the meager financial benefit this ambitious enterprise would bring him; the audiences would be restricted to collectors of unusual items and, of course, to those who are as interested in such works as he himself. For the debut of his company (Ultraphon Records) he chose two of Alexander Dargomyzhsky's operas, *Russalka* (ULP 101/103, $12.96) and *The Stone Guest* (ULP 104/105, $9.96).

Although in Russia Dargomyzhsky's name is closely associated with that of Michael Glinka—they are the two protagonists of Russian national music—he is practically unknown to the public at large outside of Russia. This is true despite the fact that *The Stone Guest*, as well as his theories concerning vocal music, had predominant influence in the development of Russian national music.

Ten years younger than Glinka, Dargomyzhsky became his close friend and was active in the production of Glinka's *A Life for the Tsar*—the first Russian national opera. This was the turning point in Dargomyzhsky's career. He made his first attempt at composing his own Russian opera, *Russalka* (*The Mermaid*), which he claimed was written more for his own pleasure and "the fulfilment of [his] fantasy" than for public performance.

For his libretto, he chose Pushkin's dramatic work by the same name, based on an old Russian legend. After writing six scenes, Pushkin left it incomplete in 1832. Dargomyzhsky actually used it more as a basis for his libretto, adding his own scenes as well as an end to the drama.

Dargomyzhsky finished the opera in 1855. Its first performance was given in St. Petersburg in 1856 at the Theater-Circus (later rebuilt as the Maryinsky Theater). Since at that time the success of a theatrical production depended chiefly on the attitude of the royal family and the nobility, and the royal family did not even deign to attend the performance, *Russalka* was considered a failure. Although on the whole it is tuneful and not devoid of a certain dramatic element, to us it would seem old-fashioned, but in Dargomyzhsky's time it was "much too new and strange" for audiences accustomed to Italian operas.

Two years later it was produced in Moscow, but with the same reaction from the audience. Thereafter, it was given seldom—only during the summer months and was poorly staged and badly performed by second-rate artists. It was, however, resurrected by Feodor Chaliapin in 1898. His dramatic characterization of the old miller's role, particularly in the Mad Scene, made the opera. Ever since, it has been favored by bassos and given quite frequently in Russia.

Pushkin's *The Stone Guest* is his own version of the Don Giovanni legend—actually, more of a variant of Mozart's. The Stone Guest is the statue of the Commandant, but in Pushkin's version he was Donna Anna's husband, not her father, as in Mozart's opera. Pushkin's treatment of the legend is, in my opinion, far weaker than that written by Da Ponte; it lacks the intrigues, involvements, and resolutions that make the Da Ponte-Mozart masterpiece so fascinating. The role of Leporello is indicated rather than developed, and the whole plot centers on Don Giovanni successfully courting Donna Anna through the final two scenes. When he almost succeeds in seducing her, the Stone Guest, who had agreed to come to his widow's house, enters the room. Donna Anna faints, and Don Giovanni feels the cold grip of the statue's hand, which presumably leads him to hell. (Incidentally, Don Giovanni had not invited the statue to dine with him, as is erroneously written on the jacket of the recording. This was in the Da Ponte-Mozart opera. In Pushkin's version, Don Giovanni asks the statue to come "late in the evening" to stand guard by the door of his widow's apartment, where Don Giovanni expected to achieve his latest conquest.)

Feodor Chaliapin—"his characterization . . . made the opera."

Dargomyzhsky adhered strictly to Pushkin's text. He added nothing of his own, except for the two songs sung by Laura (one of Don Giovanni's *mille e tre*), for which there were no words in Pushkin's drama.

It is unfortunate that no librettos are supplied with the albums. While in other operas the mere knowledge of the story may suffice to follow the text, in this case it is indispensable to follow the words in order to fully appreciate Dargomyzhsky's remarkable achievement in writing recitatives, for they were the very core of his composition.

These albums were recorded by the members of the Bolshoi Theater with Eugene Svetlanov conducting *Russalka* and Boris Khaikin conducting *The Stone Guest*. In reviewing Russian recordings of other operas, I have mentioned that they are seldom made with the same singers and the same conductors. Whether this practice is to show a large roster at the Bolshoi, or for some other reason, I do not know. But this time the singers are, at least to my knowledge, unknown to our audiences, except for G. Vishnevskaya (soprano), who plays Donna Anna in *The Stone Guest*, and L. Kozlovsky, an excellent tenor (the Prince in *Russalka*). Vishnevskaya has been heard here in concerts and at the Met, and L. Kozlovsky has been introduced in previously imported recordings.

There is no way of identifying these "new" singers, or knowing how long they have been at the Bolshoi. Some have better voices and sound more experienced than others. One wonders why, for instance, Vishnevskaya was not asked to record the part of Natasha in *Russalka*, instead of Y. Smolenskaya, who sings the leading role but whose voice is not so beautiful as that of A. Borisenko (mezzo-soprano, the Princess in *Russalka*) and obviously less experienced.

For anyone who knows Russian, it

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Some Matters of Degree

RECORD and cartridge manufacturers are taking a fresh and searching look these days at basic facets of the disc recording process. The answers they are finding may soon bring audible improvements to disc reproduction.

If a pickup is to trace a stereo groove in both its vertical and horizontal planes without distortion, the vertical angle of the playback stylus must match the angle at which the wave form was recorded on the disc. This problem—unknown with monophonic records, which lack vertical modulations—would appear to be simply solved by standardization of cutter head angles used in the record mastering process, and the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) did recommend a standard vertical angle of 15 degrees in 1961.

But by the time the standard was proposed, there were already many stereo cutters in use, cutting at such angles as 0 degrees (Ortofon), 10 degrees (Teldec), 23 degrees (Westrex), and 25 degrees (Fairchild). The Westrex cutter has proven most popular, and vertical tracking angles of 22 to 26 degrees are therefore commonest among today's cartridges.

It would have appeared that we were approaching a real, if unofficial, standard. But early last year CBS Laboratories announced a disturbing discovery: due to resilience of the cutter stylus and spring-back of the lacquer master after cutting, the angle actually being recorded by the "23 degree" Westrex cutter was 0 degrees, with similar errors affecting the other cutters. By tilting the cutter head, a true recorded angle of 15 degrees can be obtained. So at last the RIAA standard is being adopted. Even with older cartridges, the vertical tracking error will be cut in half. This source of distortion is being further diminished as U.S. cartridge manufacturers—ADC and Shure, so far—produce new cartridge designs tracking at this angle.

The new ADC and Shure cartridges attack another problem—tracing error—from another point: the stylus. Cutting styli must be sharp and wedge-shaped to cut a smooth and noiseless groove, but to trace this groove without wear, a rounded playback stylus is necessary. Round styli, however, cannot accurately trace the cutter's path.

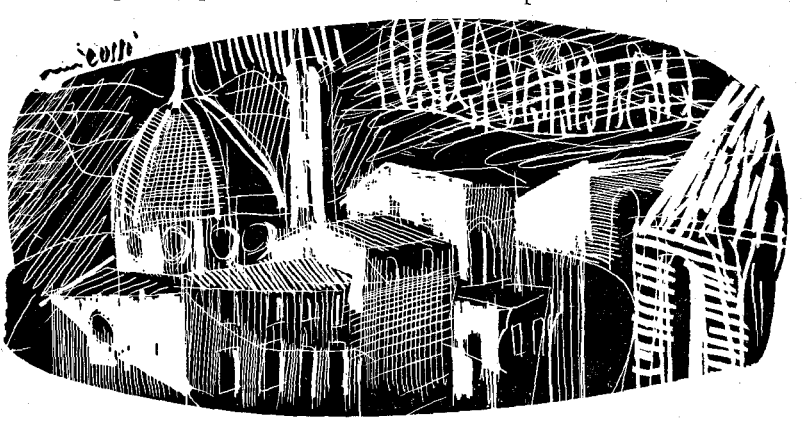
The smaller and sharper the playback stylus, the better it can trace the groove— within the limits imposed by cartridge compliance, effective tip mass of the stylus, and other factors. Obviously, the smaller and sharper the stylus, the less force, resistance, and inertia it must bring to bear upon the groove walls if it is not to wear or rupture them. Modern developments have made such ultrasmall styli practicable, and this is ADC's approach in their new, 15-degree "Point Four" cartridges and their R30 needle (.4 and .35 mills respectively, as compared to the standard .7 to .5 mil radii).

But the smaller styli are likely to "bottom," riding in the grit and irregularities at the groove bottom, especially on older, monophonic recordings. This and another problem—the "pinch effect" that causes spherical styli to ride up and down in the groove as its width varies—are solved by the elliptical stylus now available on the new Shure V-15 and Ortofon SPU-G/T-E cartridges. Elliptical styli travel broadside on to the groove direction, the narrow edges (the Shure has a .2 mil radius here) tracing the path originally cut by the chisel-shaped recording stylus, while the broader curve (.9 mil on the Shure) at the bottom edge of the playback stylus rides well up on the groove walls.

Tracing distortion has long been known, and one means of correcting it during the recording process was suggested in the 1930s: if the first master was played back and re-recorded, in reversed phase, onto a second master from which the record would be made, both the tracing and tracking distortions in the playback system used would be compensated for. Complexity and the lack of playback equipment standardization prevented this system from becoming widespread. But RCA engineers have developed a "Dynamic Stylus Correlator" as part of the Dynagroove system, which shapes the recorded wave form electronically to imitate the shape of a groove cut with a rounded stylus. Thus tracing error can be compensated for without the noise and other defects that use of a rounded cutter stylus would entail. While this technique works best for playback with .7 mil radius styli (for which it was calculated), it is by no means true that only owners of low-quality equipment will benefit. To some extent, use of the Dynamic Stylus Correlator should benefit all listeners.

The cutting stylus, too, has received attention. CBS Laboratories has produced a new cutting stylus of precision-ground synthetic ruby that can both be shaped more exactly and uniformly and polished to greater smoothness than most other materials. The shape has been calculated for 15-degree cutting; lower groove noise and distortion without significant high-frequency losses are claimed.

Though it is likely that the next two or three years will see an increased standardization of many areas of disc recording and reproduction, there is one small, quiet breeze of change beginning to blow tentatively against one established standard: the RIAA equalization curve. As modern recording techniques produce material with more higher frequencies to be engraved on the disc, the high-frequency boost of the RIAA curve begins to look excessive and may, it is claimed, lead to overloading and distortion. While there is no doubt that we will never see a return to the old days of wildly varying equalization characteristics, when the serious listener had to be half engineer and half astrologer to play his discs correctly, we may someday see a single revised RIAA standard. Should this ever happen, attachments would probably be provided for today's equipment, to adapt it to play both old and new standards. But this is still speculation, and no change in the curve is under even the remotest consideration at present. —IVAN BERGER.



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Recordings in Review

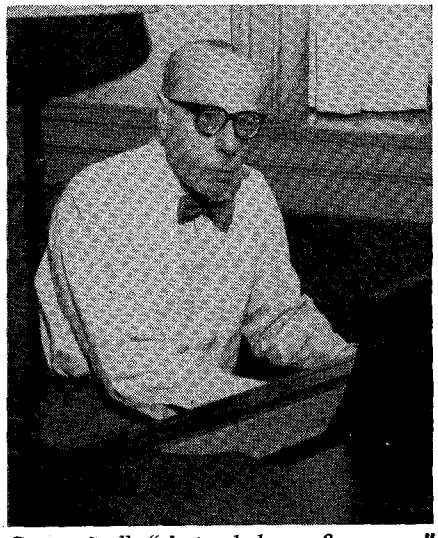
Sheer Perfection

MOZART: *Divertimento No. 2 in D (K. 131), Symphony No. 33 in B flat (K. 319). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* Epic LC 3873, $4.98; stereo BC 1273, $5.98.

The quality of the work being done by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra has been attested to on any number of good, and some fine, recordings. To judge from their collaboration here, it may be that the time has come to extend the categories to include the super-fine, perhaps even the great. For the moment, let it be said that the playing on this disk is sheer perfection—a category beyond which there is no other.

I stress "playing" rather than "direction," for what made the NBC Orchestra under Toscanini great is the same as what makes the Cleveland, at its best, under Szell, great: a personal participation of every performer, no matter how inconsequential or inconspicuous, in the total quality. In such works as these, the nature of the music admits of little that is inconsequential, even less of what is inconspicuous, hence, the clarity, balance, and finesse of the result are as much a tribute to every member of the ensemble as to the organizational abilities of Szell.

This is nowhere more apparent than in the first minuet of the priceless Divertimento of the sixteen-year-old Mozart, with its volleys of French horn fanfares in the first trio answered in the second by the solo woodwinds. I know of no horn section anywhere that could match the mellow richness and complete assurance Myron Bloom, Martin Morris, Roy Waas, and Ernani Angelucci provide here; or the flute, oboe, and bassoon that could furnish so compatible an answer to their sound as the trio of Maurice Sharp, Marc Lifschey, and George Goslee.



George Szell—"clarity, balance, finesse . . ."

The playing in the Symphony is of the same order of quality; as the performing group is larger, it bears less on the individual instrumentalist. But the total intelligence is more a component of the result than it is in almost any other American orchestra one can name.

Mozart in D minor

MOZART: *Concerto No. 20 in D minor (K. 466). Artur Rubinstein, piano, with orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.* HAYDN: *Andante and Variations in F minor. Rubinstein, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2635, $4.98; stereo LSC 2635, $5.98.

For reasons inherent in its nature, the D-minor Concerto of Mozart is not only the work with the longest history of recordings, but also the one with the largest current total of performances. But among the dozen or so currently available, none has just the qualities of this one, for it is a "first time" for Rubinstein, of his distinctively individual character.

That character has as much to do with the sound that Rubinstein produces from the piano as with any other single characteristic. It gives a mellow brilliance to every melodic formulation as well as a spacious sense of design to the filigree, thus enabling Wallenstein to do more with the orchestral score than is sometimes permissible in the interests of balance. From this sizable sonorous resource, the two interpreters have evolved a scheme of performance that leaves little doubt that this D-minor is the first of "public," concert-hall concerti (as distinguished from those of chamber music intimacy), the antecedent of all to come from Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, *et al.*

It would be all too easy to categorize this as just another fine Rubinstein performance. But why deny a performer the praise due him simply because he merits it more often than others? To come upon a performance of this quality from some A.A. (Arthur Anonymous) would be enough to reward a listener for a month of record sampling. This is to say that it has a magnificent equipoise between dramatic and lyric, a ripe sense of refinement in writing as well as an ever-young enthusiasm for its élan and spirit. These are qualities truly Mozartian, which Rubinstein and Wallenstein can pass on with such assurance because they have previously satisfied each other's requirements. Rubinstein favors us also with the highly suitable Beethoven cadenza for the first movement, played (as are the Haydn Variations) with inimitable artistry.

The Kempe-Thomas *Lohengrin*

WAGNER: *"Lohengrin." Jess Thomas, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Gottlob Frick, Otto Wiener (Herald), Elizabeth Grümmer (Elsa) and Christa Ludwig, with the chorus of the Vienna State Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Kempe.* Angel 3641, $24.98; stereo S 3641, $29.98; five-record set.

There are, as the above listing amply demonstrates, other performers of celebrity in this recording than Rudolf Kempe, who conducts, and Jess Thomas, who sings Lohengrin, but it is their efforts, in the end, that redeem the issue from various shortcomings and mark it as worthy of attention. Indeed, with Thomas but without a conductor of Kempe's knowledge and impulse, the whole venture might have fallen substantially short of the level of interest it achieves.

The real difficulty is that the Fischer-Dieskau as Telramund, Mmes. Grümmer and Ludwig as Elsa and Ortrud, and Gottlob Frick as the King, the cast doesn't have one other singer who was wholly capable—at the time of this recording—of meeting all the challenges in the roles they confronted. Fischer-Dieskau does some imposing declamation in the later segments of Act II, but he is frequently strained both in range and volume; Grümmer sounds well in *forte* but cannot sustain a *piano* without quavering (*Euch Lüften*, for an example); Miss Ludwig has a forceful top, but not the bottom for this role, deceptively labeled *Sopran* by Wagner—there were *Soprans* and *Soprans* in those days—and Frick's dry sound is even more perceptible on a microphone than it is in the theatre.

Despite all, Kempe manages to make an ensemble of them in Act II (the disposition of solo effort in Act I is such that the conductor can do little to counteract the abilities or disabilities) and builds the Bridal Scene to an imposing climax. The quality of effort to be expected is defined by the Prelude, in which the nuances of phrasing, coloration, and dynamics possible in this superb miniature are skilfully provided. Unfortunately, he does not have the Vienna Philharmonic alone to deal with in the acts that follow, but whenever possible it puts forth an eloquence of its

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own to counterbalance the lacks among the vocalists.

For Thomas, this is by far the most imposing evidence of ability that has come along so far. Lohengrin is a more taxing challenge for a tenor than Walther von Stolzing, in which he has been heard at the Metropolitan, and Thomas succeeds in making him sound like a man as well as a tenor. This takes not only the artfully phrased, lyric, solo passages, but also those demandingly dramatic phrases of the ensembles in which he is required to stand off, by himself, the curiosity of his wife as well as the anger of his enemies. In the end, of course, it is the curiosity that proves more costly than the anger. If Thomas had a bit more ring and luster in his sound . . . he might not perform so intelligently as he does.

One unindicated other malefactor has to be considered. That is the Theater an der Wien, which is used as an Angel recording studio in this project. It may turn out to be as good as any in Vienna, but the indications here are that it is dull for recording purposes, and that Angel hasn't learned yet to control what it can produce. Much of the first act is too far from the microphone, and even if one becomes adjusted to that, the balance seems to be calculated in terms of the largest volume of sound—the entrance to the Münster, for example—which leaves the lower levels wanting in definiton. It is possible, of course, to do both, but Angel hasn't worked it out satisfactorily in this case.

The performance, incidentally, is textually complete, with much in Act II that is customarily omitted in the opera house and also in some prior recordings.

Nights without Magic

BERLIOZ: *"Nuits d'Eté."* FALLA. *"El Amor Brujo." Leontyne Price, soprano, with the Chicago Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner.* RCA Victor LM 2695, $4.98; stereo LSC 2695, $5.98.

BERLIOZ: *"Nuits d'Eté."* RAVEL: *"Shéhérazade." Régine Crespin, soprano, with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet.* London 5821, $4.98; stereo 25821, $5.98.

Assuming that the premise of things equal to the same thing are equal to each other applies to music as well as mathematics, Miss Price should be adept with Ravel's *Shéhérazade* and Miss Crespin with Falla's *Amor Brujo.* How true that may be, I don't know; but it is rather outside the law of probability. Indeed, there is no particular basis of comparison in their singing of Berlioz, for Crespin's voice is heavy for

Régine Crespin—"four-square rather than insinuating."

this work although she sings the French well, while Price fails to project the necessary atmosphere although she is closer in vocal type to the work's requirements. In any case, neither singer approaches either the style or the artistic penetration provided by Eleanor Steber in her well-remembered collaboration on Berlioz with Dimitri Mitropoulos (recently reissued on Columbia, ML 5843).

These deviations from the best available standard in Berlioz are relatively normal, but not Miss Price's misguided attempt to accommodate herself to the requirements of Falla. She is not content merely to come as close as possible with her normal sound: she has indulged in a throaty kind of heavy attack, associated with flamenco style, producing results that can only be described as ugly. I say "associated with" because Miss Price doesn't persuade me that she has either mastered it, or is likely to. Above middle G (that is to say, on B flat or C), her control vanishes and she reverts to her natural timbre, which only makes for a kind of double vocal image, with now one sound and now another. In the "Canción del Fuego Fatuo," which lies lower than the opening "Canción del Amor Dolido," her variation in sound within the same phrase is even more pronounced. In the "Danza del Juego de Amor," Miss Price resorts to a kind of hollow hollering to project the notes. 'Twon't do. For that matter, it doesn't strike me that the late Fritz Reiner was up to standard in either the Berlioz or the Falla.

To complete the survey, it should be said that Crespin sings Ravel's *Shéhérazade* like the conscientious, well-schooled artist she is, but with little of the insight or understanding that Jennie Tourel provides in her performance. The Crespin attack is consistently blunt —four-square rather than insinuating or oblique. In addition, Bernstein does more for the orchestral score than Ansermet.

A Fragmentary *Falstaff*

VERDI: *"Falstaff" (excerpts). Fernando Corena, Renato Capecchi, Luigi Alva, Ilva Ligabue, Fernanda Cadoni, Lydia Marimpietri, and Regina Resnik, with the New Symphony of London conducted by Edward Downes.* London 4154, $4.98; stereo OS 1154, $5.98.

Though most persons acquainted with it would consider *Falstaff* no more suitable to excerpting than *Das Rheingold,* London has compounded the culpable by providing the equivalent of the opening scene, Loge's Curse, and the Entry of the Gods into Valhalla on one side, and then doubling back to provide some of the Giants' music, a bit or two of Loge, and a long scene underground with Mime on the other. As the libretto excerpts are also provided in the sequence of the performance, a newcomer to *Falstaff* could well find himself wondering who has to do with what.

Clearly the motivation for this project was the Falstaff of Fernando Corena, for which London was not willing to underwrite a full-length performance. So, in the solo manner, the two scenes at the Tavern are combined with the matter surrounding "Quand'ero paggio," with the plotting of the ladies on side two followed by the whole scene of Quickly, Falstaff, and Ford. Lest some sense be provided by a conclusion on Falstaff's undoing, the only matter from Act III is Fenton's "Dal labbro il canto" and the succeeding duet with Nannetta.

However, what one would care to hear more of is not Corena's Falstaff—which is insufficiently characterized and vocally awkward for him—but the savorous Quickly of Miss Resnik, the robust Ford of Capecchi, and the flavorful Fenton of Alva. Ilva Ligabue (Alicia) and Fernanda Cadoni (Meg) are well known for their capacities in these parts, but Lydia Marimpietri, who sings Nannetta, is a new name. Brightness is the primary characteristic of her sound, and she knows well what to do with it in this role. Edward Downes, of Covent Garden, gets over the ground allotted to him in the hedge-hopping fashion required. For whom this issue is recommendable, other than members of the Corena Fan Club, it is hard to say.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Coming March 21

Education in Cuba

An article by Roy Popkin

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chausson: *Poème*. Sarasate: *Zigeunerweisen*. Saint-Saëns: *Havanaise*. Ravel: *Tzigane*. Wieniawski: *Légende*. Erick Friedman, violin, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2689, $4.98; stereo LSC 2689, $5.98. 4T Tape FTC 2163, $8.98.	Friedman's suave and seemingly effortless performances are equally a tribute to the soundness of his equipment and the degree of self-effacement in his employment of it. In the end, however, there is little differentiation between the writings of the French (Chausson, Saint-Saëns, Ravel), Spanish (Sarasate), or Polish (Wieniawski) composers. They are, rather, reduced to the common denominator of "violinistic," which is hardly ultimate justice. Less self-effacement and more individuality of attitude would add measurably to the interest of Friedman's excellence as a craftsman. Sargent suits him as well as any Savile Row tailor, providing accompaniments cut to the exact measure of the outlines drawn by Friedman. A very good, quiet tape does especially well by Friedman's tone.
Chavez: Concerto. Eugene List, piano, with the composer conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster 19030, $4.98; stereo 17030, $4.98.	Whoever thought of putting these forces together had a better than fair idea, for the work is much too good to have been condemned to neglect since it was performed in New York in 1942, and List is an excellent accessory to the conductor-composer's purpose. The Concerto is neither a virtuoso piece nor a straightforward symphonic exposition, rather one in which the individualized sonorities of the piano and the orchestra are set against each other. There are also some suggestions of the works for percussive instruments that Chavez was writing at the time. The excellent recording adds more than a little to the interest and attraction of the musical content.
Franck: *Les Eolides; Les Djinns; Le Chasseur Maudit; Rédemption* (Symphonic Poem). Aldo Ciccolini, piano, with André Cluytens conducting the Orchestre National de Belgique. Angel 36151, $4.98; stereo S 36151, $5.98.	The value here is good both in quantity and quality, for Cluytens knows the sound and pace appropriate to Franck, and the orchestra fulfills his intentions admirably. Whether or not this is the orchestra of the Belgian Radio, which has done some recording in the past, is not clarified in the information presently available, but it makes a sound claim for consideration, with particular credit for its horn section in the *Chasseur Maudit*. Ciccolini is a good choice for the solo part of *Les Djinns*, though it is not exactly an opportunity for an artist to make an impression on his own.
Haydn: Symphony No. 103 in E flat (*Drum Roll*). Mozart: Symphony No. 41 in C (*Jupiter*). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9369, $4.98; stereo CS 6369, $5.98.	It would be difficult if not impossible to find fault with any aspect of the physical performances, so well are the Vienna Philharmonic and von Karajan habituated to each other. Beyond that, of course, the amount of preparation that has gone into producing the kind of exactness and definition heard in these particular works must have been considerable. Having said this much, however, it is hard to add very much more, for the end object and intention advanced by von Karajan here relates to execution and very little else. The rollicking spirit of Haydn is kept on a short rein, so that, like a high-spirited dog, it is always being brought up in check. In the Mozart, the exaltation or upward surge of impulse in the fugal finale is drawn to a precise blueprint, in which the lines and staves become elements of a graph rather than a confinement from which the music is liberated.
Milhaud: *A Frenchman in New York*. Gershwin: *An American in Paris*. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops. RCA Victor LM 2702, $4.98; stereo LSC 2702, $5.98.	Years ago Milhaud embodied some authentic recollections of a Frenchman in New York in the justly famous work called *La Creation du Monde*. What he has written to the order of RCA as a companion piece, for recording purposes, to Gershwin's Parisian travelogue is synthetic if skilful, a tepid counterpart of the abundantly inspired Gershwin, lacking in the one quality with which the latter is so abundantly supplied—genuine enthusiasm for the place being described. RCA Victor deserves thanks for its effort to enlarge the repertory in a tangible way, but Milhaud has not done much to discharge his side of the bargain in the sections titled "New York with Fog on the Hudson River," "The Cloisters," "Horse and Carriage in Central Park," "Times Square," "Gardens on the Roofs," and "Baseball in Yankee Stadium." Fiedler has done more with the Gershwin than can be heard in this performance, which tends to date it uncomfortably with its exaggerated accents and too broad pathos.
Mozart: Concerto (K. 314). Marius Briancon, oboe, with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Mozarteum Orchestra. Concerto (K. 417). Louis Bernard, horn, with Paumgartner, etc. Concerto (K.299). Gaston Crunelle, flute, and Pierre Jamet, harp, with Paumgartner. Esoteric 609, $4.98; stereo 5609, $5.95.	"Counterpoint" and "Everest" are also named on the label of this record, suggesting that the three concerti were the product of the Everest enterprise before it was absorbed by a West Coast record maker. As those familiar with the work of Paumgartner would expect, these performances are thoroughgoing rather than scintillating or even animated. However, all four soloists are experts on their instruments (the sounds as well as the names define their French orientation) and the orchestra collaborates well with them. Doubtless there are individual recordings of each work (among the twelve for clarinet, nine for flute and harp, and three for oboe) that attain a higher musical quality, but the combination of the three on a single disk has its own appeal. Good recording.
Mozart: *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik;* Symphony No. 41 in C (*Jupiter*). Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2694, $4.98; stereo LSC 2694, $5.98.	The strings of the Boston Symphony are beautifully regulated to an ensemble effort of exceptional evenness and balance in the Serenade, which is a kind of end achievement in itself. However, the playfulness and fantasy in the music are rather grimly rejected, especially in the Romanza and Minuet. Leinsdorf's conception of the *Jupiter* is architecturally broad and tonally spacious, to the extent, indeed, that the first side (of over twenty-seven minutes) is unable to accommodate the fugal finale, which is put over to the second side. It, too, is impressively executed, but the total is blandly unexpressive for my taste.
Prokofiev: *Classical Symphony;* suites from *Lt. Kije* and *Love for Three Oranges*. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5946, $4.98; stereo MS 6545, $5.98.	Whatever the cause—microphoning or transfer from tape to disk—this is reproduction of a quality superior to the average, and high Philadelphia Orchestra standard. Some part of it relates, of course, to the orchestral style of Prokofiev, which lends itself to brilliant sound results, and another part to the exceptional attributes of the orchestra itself, but it is the light and shade in the *rendering* of them that causes this comment. The performances of the two suites, especially the *Oranges*, is vividly multicolored and sonorous. In the Symphony there is almost too much of a glow for the modest purpose of the composer, the jokes becoming a little overpowered by the neon spot lighting of them. Withal, a record of demonstrably superior qualities.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2 in D. Thomas Schippers conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia ML 5935, $4.98; stereo MS 6535, $5.98.	Thomas Schippers's problem in this work stems from one source—insufficient knowledge of the score. He takes the opening movement at a pace too fast for the character and content of the music and loses interest in the slow movement by incomplete correlation of the fragmentary interjections with the main line of the movement. Without such correlation the pattern of Sibelius's thought is more than necessarily disjointed. The Scherzo approaches a reasonable balance of material and manner, but the finale is overstressed and underdefined. Although the Philharmonic is not the world's best-sounding orchestra, it can have more richness, color, and character than it develops here.
Vaughan Williams: *The Lark Ascending*. Sibelius: Romance in C. Delius: Serenade from *Hassan*. Francaix: Serenade for Small Orchestra. Warlock: Serenade for Strings. Rafael Druian, violin, with Louis Lane conducting the Cleveland Sinfonietta. Epic LC 3875, $4.98; stereo BC 1275, $5.98.	Rafael Druian, who is concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, and Louis Lane, who is its associate conductor, make a compatible couple in this engaging literature. It is almost uniformly well chosen, with the exception of the Warlock Serenade, a rather flimsy piece. Lane is highly successful in giving voice to the sentiment in the Vaughan Williams, Sibelius, and Delius pieces without overstressing it. The Francaix, which is typically lightheaded (it serves also for Balanchine's *A la Francaix*), comes off very well. Druian plays the solo works zestfully and with fine sound. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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A MAJOR BREAK-THROUGH IN SOUND PURITY . . . BY SHURE

THE SOUND FROM THE NEW SHURE V-15 STEREO DYNETIC® CARTRIDGE WITH ITS REVOLUTIONARY BI-RADIAL ELLIPTICAL STYLUS HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN HEARD OUTSIDE AUDIO LABORATORIES

by S. N. SHURE, President, Shure Brothers, Inc.

The sound from the new Shure V-15 Stereo Dynetic Cartridge is unique. The unit incorporates highly disciplined refinements in design and manufacture that were considered "beyond the state of the art" as recently as the late summer of 1963. The V-15 performance specifications and design considerations are heady stuff—even among engineers. They probably cannot be assimilated by anyone who is not a knowledgeable audiophile, yet the sound is such that the critical listener, with or without technical knowledge, can appreciate the significant nature of the V-15 music re-creation superiority. It is to be made in limited quantities, and because of the incredibly close tolerances and singularly rigid inspection techniques involved, it is not inexpensive. Perfection never is.

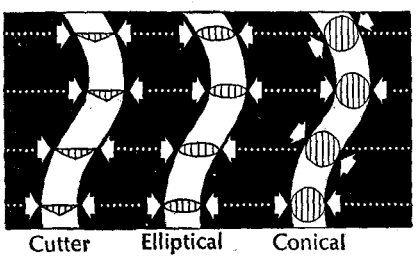
THE BI-RADIAL ELLIPTICAL STYLUS

The outstanding characteristic is that the V-15 Stylus has two different radii . . . hence the designation Bi-Radial. One is a broad frontal plane radius of 22.5 microns (.0009 inch); while the actual *contact* radii on each *side* of the stylus are an incredibly fine 5 microns (.0002 inch). It would be impossible to reduce the contact radius of a conventional spherical/conical stylus to this micro-miniature dimension without subjecting the entire stylus to "bottoming" in the record grooves.

The Shure Bi-Radial elliptical stylus, because of its larger frontal radius of 22.5 microns (.0009 inch), cannot bottom . . . and as you know, bottoming reproduces the crackling noise of the grit and static dust that in practice cannot be eliminated from the canyons of record grooves.

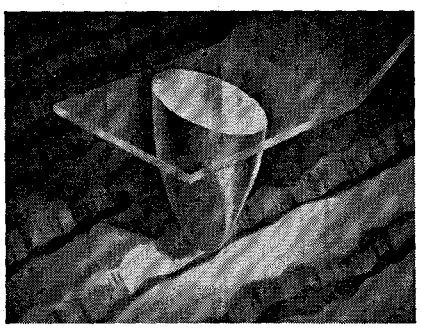
TRACING DISTORTION MINIMIZED

The prime objective in faithful sound re-creation is to have the playback stylus move in exactly the same way as the wedge-shaped cutting stylus moved when it produced the master record. This can't be accomplished with a spherical/conical stylus because the points of tangency (or points of contact between the record grooves and the stylus) are constantly changing. This effect manifests itself as tracing distortion (sometimes called "inner groove distortion"). Note in the illustration below how the points of tangency (arrows) of the Bi-Radial elliptical stylus remain relatively constant because of the very small 5 micron (.0002 inch) side contact radii:



Cutter Elliptical Conical

The Shure Bi-Radial Stylus vastly reduces another problem in playback known as the "pinch effect." As experienced audiophiles know, the record grooves are wider wherever and whenever the flat, chisel-faced cutting stylus changes directions (which is 440 cycles per second at a pure middle "A" tone—up to 20,000 cycles per second in some of the high overtones). An ordinary spherical/conical stylus riding the upper portion of the groove walls tends to drop where the groove gets wider, and to rise as the groove narrows. Since stereo styli and cartridges have both vertical and horizontal functions, this unfortunate and unwanted up-and-down motion creates a second harmonic distortion. The new Shure Bi-Radial elliptical stylus, on the other hand, looks like this riding a record groove:



You'll note that even though it has a broad front face with a frontal plane radius of 22.5 microns (.0009 inch), and it measures 30 microns (.0012 inch) *across* at the point of contact with the groove, the small side or contact radii are only 5 microns (.0002 inch). This conforms to the configuration of the cutting stylus and hence is not as subject to the up-and-down vagaries of the so-called "pinch-effect".

SYMMETRY, TOLERANCES AND POSITIONING ARE ULTRA-CRITICAL

Frankly, a Bi-Radial elliptical stylus, however desirable, is almost impossibly difficult to make CORRECTLY. Diamond, as you know, is the hardest material . . . with a rating of 10 on the Mohs hardness scale. It's one thing to make a simple diamond cone, altogether another to make a *perfectly* symmetrical Bi-Radial stylus with sufficiently close tolerances, actually within one ten thousandth of an inch! Shure has developed unprecedented controls, inspections and manufacturing techniques to assure precise positioning, configuration, dimensions and tolerances of the diamond tip. It is a singular and exacting procedure... unique in the high fidelity cartridge industry. And, unless these inspection techniques and safeguards are used, an imperfectly formed elliptic configuration can result and literally do more harm than good to both record and sound.

THE V-15 IS A 15° CARTRIDGE

The 15° effective tracking angle has recently been the subject of several Shure communications to the audiophile. It conforms to the effective record cutting angle of 15° proposed by the RIAA and EIA and now used by the major record producing companies and thereby minimizes tracking distortion.

The major features, then, of the V-15 are the Shure Bi-Radial Elliptical Stylus, the singular quality control techniques and standards devised to produce perfection of stylus symmetry, and the 15° tracking angle. They combine to reduce IM and harmonic distortion to a dramatic new low. In fact, the distortion (at normal record playing velocities) is lower than the inherent noise level of the finest test records and laboratory measurement instruments! In extensive listening tests, the V-15 proved most impressive in its "trackability." It consistently proved capable of tracking the most difficult, heavily modulated passages at a minimum force of ¾ grams (in the Shure-SME tone arm). The entire V-15 is hand-crafted and subject to quality control and inspection measures that result in space-age reliability. Precision machined aluminum and a special ultra-stable plastic stylus grip. Exact alignment is assured in every internal detail—and in mounting. Mu-metal hum shield surrounds the sensitive coils. Gold plated terminals. Individually packaged in walnut box. The V-15 is a patented moving-magnet device—a connoisseur's cartridge in every detail.

SPECIFICATIONS

The basic specifications are what you'd expect the premier Shure cartridge to reflect: 20 to 20,000 cps., 6 mv output. Over 25 db separation. 25 x 10^{-6} cm. per dyne compliance. ¾ gram tracking. 47,000 ohms impedance, 680 millihenries inductance per channel. 650 ohms resistance. Bi-Radial stylus: 22.5 microns (.0009 inch) frontal radius, 5 microns (.0002 inch) side contact radii, 30 microns (.0012 inch) wide between record contact points.

But most important, it re-creates music with a transcendent purity that results in a deeply rewarding experience for the critical ear.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: Scherzi 1,2,3,4, (Opera 20, 31, 39, 54); Barcarolle; Fantasie in F minor; and Berceuse. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster 19053, $4.98; stereo 17053, $4.98.	One would not need to know the name of the performer to determine, from the hard going in some of the technical passages presented to him, that he was not a pianist bred in the idiom of Chopin. However, it is equally evident, as the performances progress, that Badura-Skoda has more to say, musically and artistically, on the content of these works than many to whom the style comes more easily. Especially in the quieter moments of the Scherzi, the Berceuse, and the Barcarolle, Badura-Skoda evokes a mood and sustains an emotional rapport with the material that is distinctly his own. The reproduction of the piano is much above average.
Duparc: *L'Invitation au Voyage; Sérénade Florentine; La Vague et la Cloche; Extase; Le Manoir de Rosamonde; Lamento; La Vie Antérieure; Testament; Phidylé; Chanson Triste; Elégie* and *Soupir*. Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. Philips PHM 500-027, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-027, $5.98.	The penetration as well as the refinement of Souzay's art are conveyed not only in the quality of his vocal performances, but also in the appreciation of the composer's artistry expressed in his brief but comprehensive verbal comment. To be sure, one could have that ability and lack Souzay's vocal discipline, or possess the discipline and be at a loss for verbal skill, but together they make a congruent totality of values in this unusual artist. It is worth noting, too, that in these years of expanded emotional range, taking in such songs as *La Vague et la Cloche* as well as the more restrained *Phidylé*, Souzay has retained the vocal quality to make his efforts attractive as well as compelling. Dalton Baldwin's piano performance is in the rare category of assertive but not obtrusive. The balance in the recording moderates ideally to the advantage of both participants.
Schubert: Quintet in C (Opus 163). Budapest Quintet with Benar Heifetz, cello. Columbia ML 5936, $4.98; stereo MS 6536, $5.98.	Knowledge could hardly be more embracing than that which is disposed here by the Budapest-cum-Heifetz ensemble, defenders of the faith in this particular work even before LP. Fortunately, too, there is all the technical control that is desired to make that knowledge effective, especially in the superbly sustained Adagio which, in partnership with the marvellously songful Allegro that precedes, makes for 28:52 minutes of uninterrupted musical bliss. The Roismann-led ensemble launches its Scherzo at a challenging pace and sustains it well. Only in the finale does the impetus in the performance let down a little, as though these "Budapesters" were not quite sure of its tzigane rhythmic counterpulls. The stereo techniques are well used to clarify the instrumental interplay and define the function of the two celli.
Schönberg: *Verklärte Nacht*. Elgar: Introduction and Allegro. Britten: Prelude and Fugue. Victor Desarzens conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne. Westminster 19031, $4.98; stereo 17031, $4.98.	As in the Strauss record noted below, the Lausanne organization leaves something lacking in the best sound possible for a string ensemble. However, they compensate in the Schönberg with a kind of individual participation that provides an unusual combination of chamber music feeling with the larger sound and controlled dynamics of a conductor-directed group. The Britten Prelude and Fugue for the eighteen-part string orchestra is an early (1937) example of the composer's skills, well worth knowing. It also comes off well in this performance. However, the Elgar needs both a richer and a larger sound than the Lausanne ensemble commands.
Stradella, A: *S. Giovanni Battista*. Adriana Lazzarini, Giorgio Tadeo, Zimra Ornatt, Elena Barcis, and Alfredo Nobile. Carlo Felice Cillario conducting the Polyphonic Choir of Turin and the Angelicum Orchestra of Milan. Music Guild 34, $5.98; stereo S 34, $5.98.	For those to whom Stradella is known only as a composer who died three years before Handel's birth in 1685 (from whom the latter derived many stylistic precepts), this fine performance has much that is illuminating on precisely that point: the stride of the writing for the low male voice, the rise and fall of the recitative, the arrangement of instrumental and vocal elements. But it is even more absorbing for the beautiful formulation of the composer's melodic line, his expressive sense of contrast, the real emotion and piety he imparts to his own rather chaste version of the matters involving Salome, Herod, Herodias, and Giovanni Battista. The latter is written for a voice (male soprano, most likely) here provided by the mezzo Lazzarini. Her artistry is impeccable, though her sound is not always in control. All the others are good, with a particular credit for Nobile (Counselor to Herod) and bass Tadeo (Herod), who ought not to be confused with Giuseppe Taddei. Conductur Cillario, who recently presided over a *Tosca* with Callas at Covent Garden, shows the breadth of his musicianship by his adaptability to a totally different scale of values.
Strauss: *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* suite; *Metamorphosen*. Victor Desarzens conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne. Westminster 19026, $4.98; stereo 17026, $4.98.	By some odd chance, this is the only version of the delightful suite currently listed in the Schwann Catalogue, though at some times in the past there have been as many as six or seven (including the composer's own). Though Desarzens's players do not match in virtuosity some groups by which it has been favored in the past, all the performers are capable. Stephan Romascano, who plays the solo part, is a highly accomplished violinist. In addition, Desarzens does his work with a sense of the warmth as well as the wit in the music. The razor edge of execution is not so fine in this *Metamorphosen* as in the recent one under Klemperer by the strings of the Philharmonia Orchestra, but it is used skilfully by Desarzens to carve something distinctively his own from the score. The sound in both is desirably transparent and well balanced.
Tchaikovsky: Tatiana's Letter Scene (*Eugen Onegin*); Lisa's aria (*Pique Dame*). Rimsky-Korsakov: Princess's Lullaby (*Sadko*); Aria, Prologue (*Snegurotchka*). Glinka: Romance, Act III (*Life for the Czar*). Borodin: Yaroslavna's Lament (*Prince Igor*). Netania Devrath, soprano, with Vladimir Golschmann conducting the Vienna State Opera. Vanguard VRS 1114, $4.98; VSD 71114, $5.98.	An artist of intelligence and determination could learn to sing these moody creations as well as Miss Devrath does, but it takes a unique combination of circumstances to engender the singularly right quality of sound she summons in several of them. Prominent among these is Tatiana's unaging recitation of her letter, for which Miss Devrath provides a beautiful blend of ecstasy and melancholy, with a vocal quality both even and expressive. Lisa's aria from Act III of *Pique Dame* requires more dramatic fervor than she can provide, but the Rimsky-Korsakov Lullaby and the Glinka Romance have the same overcast of silver-lined cloud that distinguishes the Letter Scene. Though explicit information is scanty, the presumption is that Miss Devrath's texts are in the original language, which adds flavor to the combination of word and tone. Also flavorsome are the orchestral backgrounds directed by Golschmann, who has a fine feeling for the dynamics as well as the colors appropriate to them. Sensitively supervised reproduction also contributes to the gratifying results.
Wagner: "Fanget an!", "Morgenlich leuchtend" (*Die Meistersinger*); "Höchstes Vertrau'n," "In fernem Land" (*Lohengrin*); "Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater" (*Die Walküre*); "Immer ist Undank Loges Lohn" (*Das Rheingold*); "Allmächt'ger Vater" (*Rienzi*); "Nur eine Waffe taugt" (*Parsifal*). Jess Thomas, tenor, with Walter Born conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG 19 387, $5.98; stereo 136 387, $6.98.	When was the last time a tenor sang too little, not too much, of *Parsifal*? To be sure, what Thomas undertakes to sing here is but a thumbnail of that huge torso, but it is done with so much musicianship, aural appeal, and artistic sincerity that one can only wait for the day when Thomas may be heard in much more of it. The whole of the second side of this disk is of comparable interest, for it shows Thomas able to deal with the moderately baritonal range of Siegmund as well as the immoderately tenoral range of Loge. The *Rienzi* excerpt is less successful, but that is about the most that can be said in a quibbling way about this cross section of the tenor as Wagnerite. In the music of Walther von Stolzing and Lohengrin to which the first side is devoted, Thomas is already well and favorably known. The orchestra under Born (a new name in this connection) plays powerfully and productively. —I. K.

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The Other Side

The Callas *Tosca*, RPM

LONDON.

WHAT had hitherto seemed a curiously flat winter season for Londoners has suddenly come alive. The past few weeks have brought us memorable occasions in concert hall and opera house, as well as politically-inspired anxiety and ferment in the record industry. Before turning to phonographic topics of the moment, however, I am bound to report the most talked-about event in circles both musical and not-wholly-musical for many a year.

The question always asked today wherever opera lovers meet is, "Have you seen *Tosca*?". And, by the time these lines have crossed the Atlantic, several million Britons will be able to answer in the affirmative, because the entire second act of the new Covent Garden production is to be seen on television, as the climax of a *Golden Hour* show (Q: What is a Golden Hour? A: All of 85 minutes!) from the Royal Opera House, with José Iturbi, Nadia Nerina, and Rudolf Nureyev among the supporting acts.

What was there about this *Tosca* that caused all six scheduled performances to be sold out in a flash, despite the highest prices ever charged at Covent Garden except for certain Royal Gala Nights? There was, to be sure, the lure of a new Zeffirelli production, replacing at long last the original décor (after sixty-four years and 191 performances); two fine male principals were announced, including the greatest Scarpia of our day, as well as a promising new Italian conductor. Yet none of these accounted for the astonishing snob-appeal of this event, which caused tickets to change hands on the black market for up to ten times their face value; the magnet that so paralyzed the box office and deprived many genuine music lovers of the chance to attend a truly memorable occasion was, of course, Maria Callas, appearing at the Royal Opera House for the first time in five years and on any stage anywhere after an absence of eighteen months.

The surprising fact is that, for all the distasteful hullabaloo, the desperate scramble for tickets, and the customary disreputable attempts by the yellow press to rekindle the hoary old "tigress" myth, the performances emerged as some of the greatest in the annals of Covent Garden. Framed by resplendent and gloriously solid sets that were beautifully lit and supported by fine orchestral playing under Carlo Felice Cillario's capable but somewhat self-effacing direction, two of the greatest singing actors of the post-war era brought new life to the most overtly melodramatic of Puccini's masterpieces.

On the first night—before an unsuspecting audience—Callas had triumphed in spite of having to struggle with a throat infection and a temperature. By the time I saw her, six days later, she was in better voice than for some years past, singing with fresh confidence and producing sounds of ravishing individuality in the lower and middle ranges, only an occasional "curdled" top note reminding us of the flawed instrument with which Nature saw fit to endow this supreme artist. Above all it was Callas's portrayal of Floria Tosca that held one spell-bound.

Within the record industry, however, the burning question of the moment concerns neither Callas, nor even the Beatles (whose triumphant entry into the United States has, during the past few days, almost pushed Cyprus and Cuba off the front pages of the popular press), but the Government's intention of making RPM illegal before this year's General Election. I should perhaps explain that RPM has nothing to do with turntable speeds: these initials stand for Resale Price Maintenance—the right of manufacturers to determine the price at which their products must be sold in the shops.

AS I write, the Bill to abolish RPM has yet to be published; we know already that, in response to pressure from inside and outside the cabinet, a tribunal will be set up to hear appeals for exemption on the grounds of 'public interest' from such industries and trade associations as are prepared to put up a case for the retention of RPM. That the record industry will seek the right to continue with RPM is a foregone conclusion, for it is feared that, once the supermarkets and other organizations solely concerned with exploiting the most obviously profitable lines enter the record business, the specialist record dealer will lose a vital portion of his trade that alone enables him to maintain adequate stocks of slower-selling classical disks.

Since the record manufacturers—short of trading directly with the public through clubs and such—are wholly dependent on their nationwide network of retail outlets for maintaining their classical repertoire, the possibility that many such outlets may be forced into bankruptcy or compelled to turn to other commodities represents a serious threat to future production of classical disks in a country whose population is so much smaller than that of the United States. It is said that EMI, in particular, views the prospects with the deepest concern and is ready to confront the RPM tribunal with the very real possibility that, unless the record industry's appeal is upheld, it may be forced to cease production of classical records altogether and concentrate its entire future activity in the popular market.

I SUSPECT that uncertainties of this type have been worrying executives of our major record companies for some months past and may well account for the marked shift of emphasis towards the popular repertoire in this winter's releases. It is now quite a time since Decca issued any major set: next month's *I Puritani*, with Joan Sutherland, will be its first operatic album of 1964, and last year's crop was certainly on the meager side. The February list does, however, contain at least one disk of uncommon merit and attraction: Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante, K. 364, and the G major Duo, K. 423, featuring Igor Oistrakh (violin) and David Oistrakh (viola), supported in the Sinfonia by the Moscow Philharmonic under Kondrashin. The technical excellence of the recording proclaims the fact that the sessions took place when these artists visited Britain last September (when the same soloists and orchestra, with Menuhin as conductor, performed the work at Albert Hall). The performance strikes me as greatly superior to HMV's

(*Continued on page* 59)

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The "Art" and the "Offering"

CONTRAPUNTAL writing at its most complex and most refined probably occupied the thoughts of the aging Bach as they have no other composer before or since. *The Musical Offering,* written less than three years before Bach's death, is nothing more than a set of canonic variations on a theme supposedly composed by King Frederick II of Prussia. The theme itself is simple, but Bach's manipulations of it never cease to astound for their ingenuity and vitality. There is somewhat less vitality, it might be argued, in *The Art of the Fugue,* Bach's last work and most exhaustive demonstration of the imitative technique and its developmental possibilities.

By its very nature, *The Art of the Fugue* is a more serious work; its function is as much educational as esthetic; its appeal, more intellectual than emotional. Although the *Musical Offering* presents the same kind of limitations in terms of audience attraction, it does so to a far lesser degree. Its general scale, after all, is smaller, while its opportunities for interpretive variety are greater.

This comparative generalization, like most concerning Baroque performance practice, is open to controversy. But in the current instance, it is well supported by a pair of recordings from Austria. On one, the Wiener Solisten perform *The Musical Offering* with fidelity to the style of the period, but enough liveliness and variety of instrumentation and dynamics to underscore the fact that Bach always wrote music, never just exercises (Bach Guild 658, $4.98; Stereo BGS-5070, $5.98). On the other, Wolfgang von Karajan (Herbert's brother) is joined by two fellow organists in a reading of *The Art of the Fugue* that has "touch me not" written all over it (Musica Sacra stereo import, AMS 44/45, $11.96; 2 records).

This should not imply that the Karajan effort is without style or interpretative merits of its own. The Salzburg Kapellmeister is far too knowing a scholar for that. Yet it cannot be denied that he approaches Bach's ultimate masterpiece as if it were a holy relic—as if reverence plus the use of organs alone would justify inclusion of the work in the *Musica Sacra* series.

True to the custom of his day and relying, no doubt, on the probability that he would be his own interpreter, Bach was never very explicit as to which instruments should play *The Art* and *The Offering.* The seven previous recordings offered four vastly different solutions to the problem of instrumentation in *The Art of the Fugue* alone.

Small ensembles were employed on the Harmonia Mundi and incomplete Concert-Disc versions; Glenn Gould played Volume I on a single organ (Columbia), as did Helmut Walcha the complete set on DGG; there were performances on solo harpsichords by Gustav Leonhardt (Bach Guild) and Gunnar Johansen (Artist Direct), and even a transcription for string orchestra by Arthur Winograd on MGM (see *SR* Dec. 6, 1957). Each of these raises the question whether the set was ever meant to be heard in a single consecutive sitting, and, if so, what can be done to give it as much variety and tension as is possible within Bach's self-imposed limitations.

In choosing to adapt the work for three small organs—two positives and one contrapositive—Karajan has done his best to simplify perception of the individual lines, without violating the kind of sound patterns one might have heard in the Baroque era. It is unfair, perhaps, to ask in how many places one would be likely to hear three organs simultaneously—in Bach's time or our own, for that matter.

Nevertheless, one is left with admiration for the clarity, musicality, and emotional restraint of the Karajan readings. Whether one finds these qualities persuasive enough to warrant repeated listenings depends, of course, upon one's power of concentration and esthetic preferences. The stereo recording, with its helpful separation of instrumental sources, is excellent.

If relatively little is said here about the *Musical Offering,* this is only because the work is somewhat better known, and the recording of it less controversial. Thankfully, major orchestras are slowly coming to grips with the fact that massive ensemble can only trample on the subtleties of such a work, and each of the six previous recordings utilizes a chamber orchestra of appropriate size.

Intimacy need not be synonymous with dullness, however. One is pleased to note that the Wiener Solisten's performance is more spirited than that of most of its competitors. Also, the Austrians demonstrate a better-than-average grasp of the inherent style problems.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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The Other Side

Continued from page 57

recent Menuhin/Barshai version, for these two soloists are wonderfully matched, and their instrumental command is little short of breathtaking.

Other current Decca issues, in addition to the final instalments of the Mozart Wind Music series and Ansermet's set of the Brahms symphonies, include a breezy but rather insubstantial coupling of Beethoven's Second and Fourth Piano Concertos from Katchen and the LSO under Gamba, as well as a new operatic recital by Birgit Nilsson. The latter is devoted to the German repertoire and features excerpts from *Fidelio, Freischütz, Oberon, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin,* and *Walküre*—a terrain in which Miss Nilsson is, of course, thoroughly at home. Yet, as with some other recent disks by this artist, the performances suggest an insufficiently self-critical approach (or perhaps a sense of hurry due to pressure from air-line schedules?). One knows that she can do better and that, were she at her best, these routine accompaniments by the Covent Garden Orchestra under Edward Downes would scarcely be worthy of her.

One of Decca's cheap reissues also deserves a passing reference: it contains fine performances of Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata* and Mozart's K. 454, transferred from 78 rpm recordings made about 16 years ago by the late Georg Kulenkampff and a young Hungarian pianist, Georg Solti by name.

Last, I must report the belated arrival, from Philips, of its eagerly expected album devoted to Beethoven's Piano and Cello Sonatas, performed by Richter and Rostropovitch. The performances enshrined in these two disks certainly display the most consummate mastery, intellectual and physical, of two supreme instrumentalists whose strikingly divergent personalities (as revealed in the concert hall) never seem at odds with one another. Yet, at the risk of appearing churlish, I must admit that my reaction to this set was one of admiration rather than of personal involvement, whereas such artists as Serkin and Casals can make it quite impossible for me to preserve any feeling of detachment. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that Philips has here given us one of the most distinguished chamber music recordings of our time.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Dargomyzhsky

Continued from page 50

is easy to follow *The Stone Guest,* for the nine singers engaged in this recording have perfect diction. But it is amusing, just the same, that when L. Arkhipova actually sings Laura's two songs, only a few words come across clearly. But of course this is a mere detail. On the whole, they are good recordings and we should be grateful to Edward Salvato for bringing these operas to our attention. They may not result in productions outside of Russia, but they can introduce these operas to those to whom until now they were merely names.

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The Amen Corner

Orientation Course

IT GOES without saying that this is a confused and confusing epoch in the arts. Virtually all the arts of history are in one way or another open for inspection. The opportunities for big talk are endless, and so are the temptations toward chi-chi and pretense. The esthetic scene is often bewildering, not only to countless laymen but also to professional commentators, including the jazz record reviewer. He is sometimes impelled to cry out silently, "Reviewer, orient thyself!"

Very well. I herewith take the liberty of summarizing a recent attempt at self-guidance.

What is generally called modern jazz is usually dated from 1940, a time of numerically small but musically intense reaction against the big, cliché-ridden "swing" bands of the Thirties (these outfits were soon largely killed off by wartime economic pressures). The first musically noteworthy revolt against the "swing" stereotypes was called "bebop." It had its own short-lived mannerisms, but it made strong and lasting contributions: a freeing-up and diversification of jazz rhythms; an accompanying increase in the subtlety and elaboration of melody and harmony, with emphasis on linearity and chromatic textures; a return to the small band, which permits extraordinary rapport among the players. Skipping various twists and turns of the postwar period, it may be said that during the past few years modern jazz has included at least six busy schools or—it might be more appropriate to say—complexes. The six outstanding complexes of modern jazz at this time are:

1. *Post-bop.* This music incorporates the "bebop" developments. It is usually strongly informed by the blues feeling. At its best it is ardent in spirit, sophisticated in detail, and it may be highly personal in invention. Its leading player-composers include Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver.

2. *Rooted modernism.* Here jazz conspicuously harks back to American Negro folk-musical forms (work songs, blues, shouts, hollers, gospel singing). The general accent and elaboration are often rhapsodic; the music is sometimes intended to be expressive of the Negro revolt against American conditions. Perhaps the most gifted man in this field (bass player, composer, and dynamic leader of improvising ensembles) is Charles Mingus.

3. *Modal-scalar jazz.* The desire to sound out the possibilities of unusual modes and scales has led many jazz players to produce music that is pungently Flamenco, North African, Near Eastern, or Hindu in suggestion. Saxophonist John Coltrane, who has many other improvisatory skills, is an especially lyrical and exhaustive explorer in this area, and he has numerous disciples.

4. *Latin-American jazz.* Musical features of Latin-America, especially the Afro-Cuban bands, have often spurred modern jazz players. Most recently the "bossa nova" music of Brazil has stirred such shining improvisers as trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and saxophonist Stan Getz.

5. *Third Stream.* This term has been applied to a wide spectrum of compositions that combine, or at least juxtapose, elements drawn from jazz and from old or new "classical" music. Here, for instance, is the area in which you may find music of baroque or Debussyan or Bartokian or Webernian flavor intermixed with jazz rhythms and improvisation. All sorts of things are going forward, from the Italianate polyphony of John Lewis (composer-pianist-leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet) to the swinging polytonality of Gunther Schuller.

6. *Free style.* By this I mean the extremes of improvisatory license encouraged in such jazz as that directed by saxophonist Ornette Coleman (and recently by another remarkable sax player, Sonny Rollins). Here, after the establishment of a brief melodic motif or chord sequence, the players are often given virtual carte blanche as to beat, rhythm, phrase length, tonality, melody, harmony, dynamics, sonority—what have you? I suppose that this must be about the "freest" music ever made by men of considerable musical culture.

So much for the chief schools or complexes of modern jazz. Here I think it is salubrious to remind ourselves that although the history of the arts must take into account a great many schools, great history of the arts has been written not by schools but by superlative individuals who inspired them. This is exactly as true of jazz as of any other art. The only road to an appreciation of modern jazz is repeated hearing— which the phonograph makes possible—of the men who founded the schools.

By way of recent example I may mention three new LPs. Miles Davis's *Quiet Nights* (Columbia CL 2106) reveals his wonderfully songful trumpet in a Latin-American vein, with the arrangements and orchestra of Gil Evans. Here, the lonely Davis horn is heard against piercingly lustrous curtains of tone and discreet Caribbean rhythms.

Coltrane Live at Birdland (Impulse Mono A-50) is opulent modal music, with the leader on tenor and soprano saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; and the extraordinarily subtle and galvanic Elvin Jones at the drums. Despite all his elaboration, Coltrane is to me one of the most movingly lyrical of jazz musicians; I mean nothing in the least facetious when I say that he reminds me of some ultimate snake charmer—and this particular cobra rises entranced and spreads his hood benignly.

Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus (Impulse Mono A-54) presents that fiery man with ten other virtuosi in a highly emotional, richly improvisational program of music springing out of deep southern folk forms. Finally, there is a beautiful Mingus bass solo on the theme of "Mood Indigo," in honor of Duke Ellington. —WILDER HOBSON.

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Bergman

Continued from page 49

is his capacity for *listening.*" Ingmar Bergman's profession is that of a listener. And so is that of his wife the musician. They found immediate points of contact with each other in music. One wonders, without a clue, what it was she played for him during the first musical session.

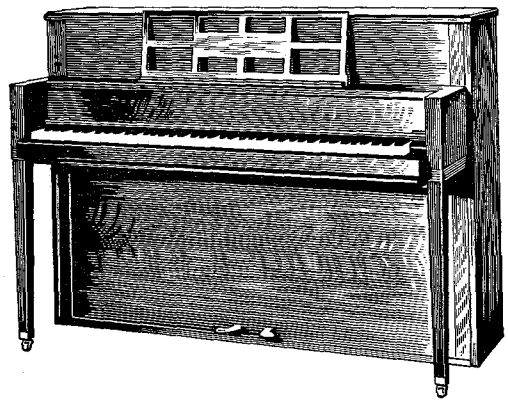
"Octaves," recalls Ingmar Bergman. "Käbi played octaves from the bottom up and from top to bottom. They were extraordinarily provocative."

That, perhaps, is consistent with their musical life together. A row of sparkling tone columns in a hard passage of practicing attracts him more than neat exhibition music does. Building, of course, always starts with the foundations, no matter how uninteresting they may be for the onlooker, who saves his admiration for the ornament. In their discussions about music one often hears the word "analysis." It is a necessary methodology for them, keeping music's outworks in their proper place, a moral principle in art.

Käbi Laretei means much for Ingmar Bergman's experience of music. And Ingmar Bergman means much for her experience of theater. But they have violently contrasting origins. Käbi Laretei came to Sweden from Estonia, a refugee driven from a sheltered existence to make a fresh start in alien surroundings. She is the daughter of a minister of state, brought up in a cultivated social environment. She received a substantial musical education, but not until her first years as a refugee did she begin to make headway in her career as a concert pianist. She was successful and became a big name in Sweden early in the 1950s.

Käbi Laretei's position as an artist has nothing to do with her being the wife of Ingmar Bergman. The two make a precise distinction between private life and professional life. What would it profit her to be the wife of Ingmar Bergman if she is to devote herself to music? It is her playing that matters, nothing but her playing. Music is a manifestation of sincerity and equity.

Their son, Daniel Sebastian, is two years old. He arrived in the middle of a sabbatical year that they intended to devote entirely to joint studies of Johann Sebastian Bach. Probably no composer in modern times has ever enjoyed such exclusive attention as this. But little Daniel Sebastian came as a modulation, and the Bach Year was postponed. Then the Royal Dramatic Theater came and asked Ingmar Bergman to become their leader. It was a dark threat to their Bach Year, but a brilliant dawn for newly awakened Swedish culture.



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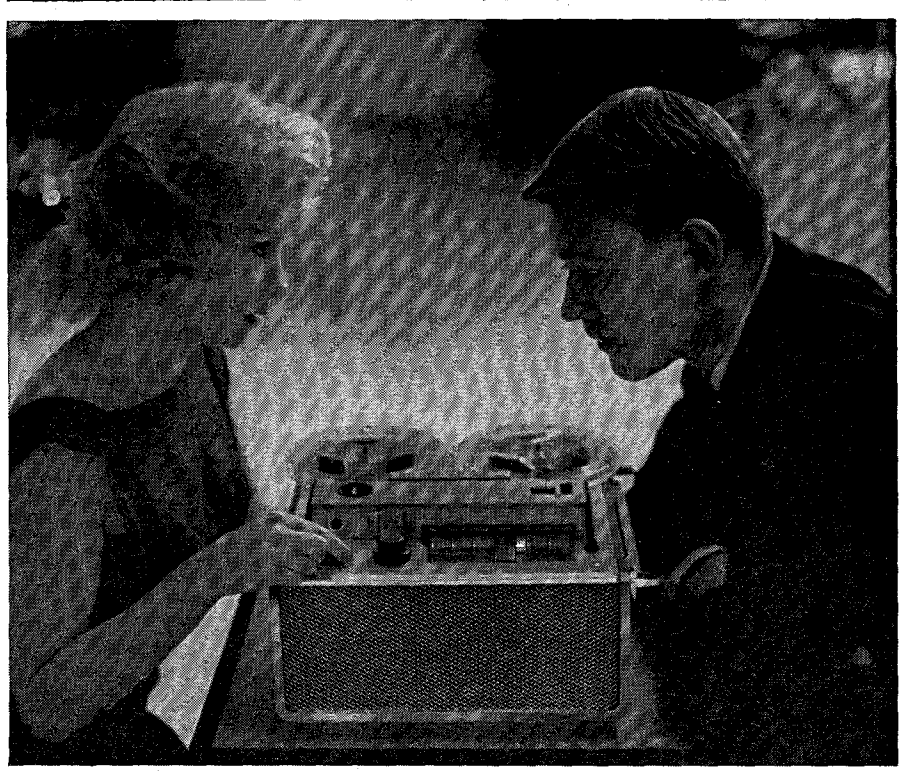

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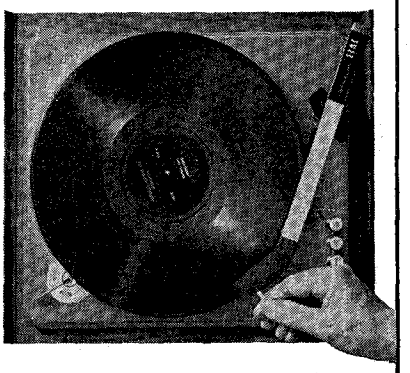

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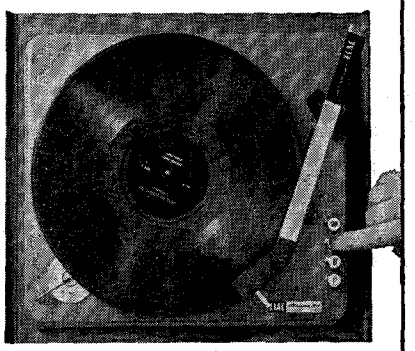

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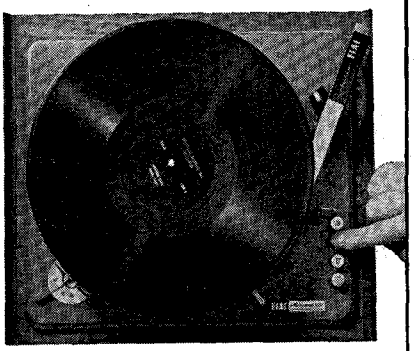

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The Met and Its Mood

THANK YOU FOR PRINTING Mr. Bing's statements about the state of the Metropolitan. As one whose opera-going coincided with the beginning of the Bing regime, I came to admire the Bing kind of opera in New York. Of recent seasons, however, I found myself picking carefully from the "increased" number of performances with a strong sense of uneasiness. On recent visits to New York (this is my first year out of the city since 1950), I exercised that "counterattraction open to anybody" and stayed home.

No one can deny that Mr. Bing has brought great singers, great conductors, and, on the whole, a quality appearance to the stage. I grew up on such things and came to love opera because of them. Where are they now, please? There was a time when Zinka Milanov was the "House Soprano" and Leonard Warren the "House Baritone." They sang many times during a season and were in prime voice. Who is the House Soprano (as opposed to the House Standard) now? Surely it is not one of the three "leading" sopranos: Sutherland, Nilsson, Price. Can anyone convince me, or the public, that Mario Sereni or Anselmo Colzani—second-rate artists with second-rate voices—are of a quality to be exposed in the leading roles of the Verdi repertory with the relentless frequency with which the Metropolitan presents them?

Since he lists his stage designers with some pride, does Mr. Bing really believe that Teo Otto (*Tristan* and *Nabucco*) has enhanced his stage? Rolf Gerard can be very good (*Don Carlo*), but what about the style of Rolf Gerard Cheap that is responsible for *La Sonnambula* or *Faust*? I note that Mr. Kolodin's nightmare of two seasons ago is recurring: during the weeks of January 6 and January 13, for example, casts were presided over by the Messrs. Schick, Varviso, Strasfogel, Rich, Adler, and once out of fourteen times by Schippers. Is this, in Bing's words, "a fair share of the best the world has to offer," particularly in a season that was *planned*?

As for the subscribers: they are a trapped and servile group at best. I once shared a subscription with a friend. We "voluntarily" paid 20 percent in addition to the subscription rate because we had no choice. The management tacked this levy to the tickets without asking, and at the Met that means take it or leave it. Naturally, few subscribers want to give up seats. They hope for better days or at least for a few good performances. Out of the ten nights of the subscription during the best of the Bing years, one could hope for five good ones. At bad times, three. The rest were "junk" that were easily sold to people who simply wanted to go to the Met—no matter what was playing or who was singing. This attitude, in fact, constitutes a good deal of Bing's "enthusiastic support." There is still an aura about the Met, an air of high standards. Some of it stems from pre-Bing days, some from the flood-time of Bing's era, the middle and late 1950's. The aura is aided and abetted by the New York press, which, with few exceptions, praises where it should damn or excuses performances of poor quality. (Thus I subscribe to *Saturday Review*.)

I note with some mirth that Bing refers to Kolodin's "excellent" *Story of the Metropolitan Opera*, although the Guild did not seem to find this history to its taste when it was published. On page 382 of that volume is the story of the current Met. The year discussed is 1925 but the situation is the same. Henderson of the *Sun* spoke out then:

> The experience of the years has taught . . . that the Metropolitan is not deeply touched by newspaper criticism. The public which patronizes the institution regards its offerings as of supreme excellence. . . . The writer is perfectly aware that *Carmen* was faulty from top to bottom . . . *Parsifal* anemic . . . *Hoffman* feebly done. . . .

And a Metropolitan publicist declared that "the management was making 'a serious and honest endeavor' to provide the best that 'physical conditions and available human elements' can furnish." Does it sound familiar, Mr. Bing?

JAMES VAN DYCK CARD,
English Department,
Washington and Jefferson College.
Washington, Pa.

Silence Is Not Approval

AS ONE WHO HAS never written anyone to complain about anything, let alone about an opera, I should like to remedy that failing and disabuse Mr. Rudolf Bing of the notion that my silence signifies approval of his opera.

For the last thirty-five years, family friends of mine have kept subscriptions to the Metropolitan Opera that they more or less inherited; in recent years I have shared the cost of the subscriptions. I have done so because (contrary to Mr. Bing's tenets) I *crave* opera—*live* opera—and this is hard to come by even in the great cultural vicinity of New York. With all the tolerance in the world and all the gratitude that I feel for the chance to hear masterworks, I consider the last decade a sickening experience, as I witnessed a vulgarization of the Metropolitan audience and a lowering of its musical standards.

My subscriber friends and I are now attending only one performance, compared to ten some years back. As this unbelievably sickening season rolls on, I shall be amazed if we stomach more than three more.

We sell or give away our seats these days. There are "takers" for the tickets, but they are people who also have been curious to attend the Metropolitan, or those who, like me, adore opera even if given in a tent with inadequate rehearsal. Some of the performances I have seen in recent months were not even worthy of a patched tent.

Occasionally a good singer appears, or two good ones, on the Met's stage, but the over-all level of performing insults a great

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tradition. I know of good singers who have appeared at the New York City Opera, too —even great ones! And I have seen casts there superior to Europe's. But the Metropolitan these days looks like a mecca for nondescript nobodies from abroad. When singers of name and reputation do appear on its stage, they appear to suffer from a Metropolitan *malaise* probably traceable to lack of direction. This, I am sure, is far more the fault than lack of rehearsal.

If Mr. Bing doesn't know how bad his performances are and can only take refuge in the dubious defense that he knows of opera houses that are worse, then woe to the Met! I can resign myself to many more absences from that great old theater. We shall keep our tickets, though, in the hope that one day a new regime will restore opera to a standard of optimum excellence and not to maximum petulance.

Mr. Bing almost succeeded in closing the opera recently, evidently to prove the point that he *could* close it if he *wanted* to. He may yet kill opera at its finest, maintain it at its lowest standard, and thereby, with his 97 percent of capacity, preside over the most thorough discrediting of opera as an art form that any opera impresario has yet been able to accomplish.

Every true opera lover had better resign himself to joining Otello in singing "Addio, sante memorie"!

FRANKLIN O. BURNALL.
Allentown, Pa.

Pause and Pangs

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS for Irving Kolodin's condemnation of the current downward trend of the Metropolitan Operas (though how it can get much lower than its standard this year is certainly a question to give any expert pause and every opera devotee like myself severe pangs). It was only a few days ago that I expressed wonder to several of my friends who, after a number of performances this year, have given up attending one or two performances each week at the Met, at the silence of the New York critics over the incredible mismanagement of what should have been a model of opera production and presentation. But the very next day I did read a summary in the *New York Times* of the deplorable state of our biggest opera house and a review of what evidently was the same inept performance of *Ariadne* as misdirected by Varviso that Mr. Kolodin reviewed.

JEROME J. EDWARDS.
Maplewood, N.J.

Decrepitude and Disorganization

READING THE OUTBURST of the "misunderstood" husbander of Metropolitan Opera resources reminded me that I was guilty of something that Mr. Bing claims proves he is right and everyone else wrong: the fact that satisfied patrons don't write letters to their editors, but only to the Metropolitan management. Well, I failed to write a letter to the editor to congratulate him for his article "A New Mood for the New Met" [*SR*, Jan. 25].

So I thank Mr. Bing for this reminder, but for nothing else.

I would only have retitled the article in question "A New Management for the Met." If every production that I have witnessed in the last few years has not shown the growing decrepitude and disorganization of what was once a great and sincere operation, then the words one hears from its management would provide the proof needed.

If I had been on the receiving end of the gentle and forgiving criticism I have read for some of the monstrosities perpetrated on the Met stage, I certainly would hesitate before slapping out so petulantly at the critics.

So Mr. Bing thinks that full houses prove rightness! This is the mentality that would prefer *Abie's Irish Rose* to *Hamlet* in a repertory theater. Or *Tobacco Road* to *Medea*.

I don't know who Mr. Bing talks to if he fails to hear criticism of the opera, himself, his casting, and his lack of foresight. Perhaps it is only to himself and to the very staff responsible for the mess.

So Mr. Bing now says the Metropolitan is "fulfilling an important cultural mission . . . nobody is attacking the Metropolitan Museum for not showing contemporary paintings . . . ." Can this be the same Mr. Bing who has loudly proclaimed that he is not interested in artists . . . only in performers"? Can he not realize that the Metropolitan Museum does not deface the masterpieces entrusted to its care?

MRS. EDNA HAGERTON.
New York, N.Y.

Shoddy Treatment

I READ WITH KEEN INTEREST your recent article regarding the distressing state of affairs currently prevailing at the Metropolitan Opera House [*SR*, Jan. 25]. As you know, Harold Schonberg of the *New York Times* has echoed your sentiments in recent statements in that paper.

Is there not some way that the opera-loving public can be goaded into demanding reforms? I would welcome the opportunity to join with others in a resistance movement to the poor repertory planning and often poorer artist selection now employed by Mr. Rudolf Bing.

Prominent figures in the musical and critical world have rallied to the support of the Met in times past. Is there no one among you today to lead an effort to coordinate the already vocal opposition and to defy the shoddy treatment that the Metropolitan Opera management is currently perpetrating upon its patrons?

CHARLES W. GRIGGS.
New York, N.Y.

A Bas Lohengrin

IT MAY BE WORTH NOTING, apropos of the statistics in your article "A New Mood For the New Met," that when Rudolf Bing arrived at the Metropolitan in 1950, Wagner's *Lohengrin* stood second on the list of operas most performed. In the Bing years it has placed twenty-seventh. This melancholy statistic is paralleled in the case of the other Wagner works: *Tristan*, sixth during the previous regimes, ranks twenty-third for Bing's, and correspondingly the figures read *Tannhäuser* 8 (44), *Walküre* 7 (34), *Siegfried* 18 (59), *Götterdämmerung* 21 (40), etc.

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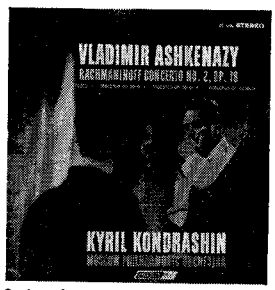

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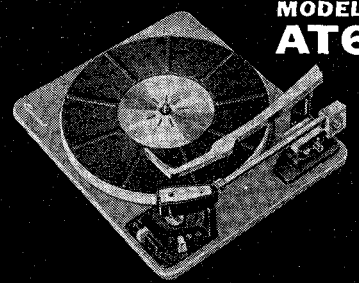

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It is certainly worth noting that in Bing's fourteen years there have been *no* student performances of Wagner. Rising singers and future audiences are schooled in *Pagliacci* and *Tosca*.

The (Rev.) M. O. LEE,
St. Michael's College.
Toronto, Canada

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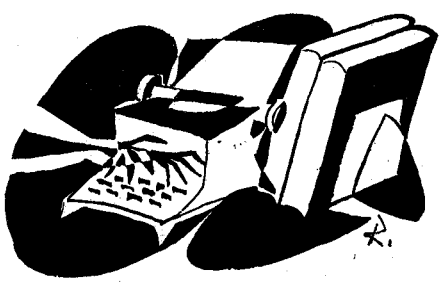
WILLIAM LAAS.
Long Island City, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *More people prefer no break than those who do.*



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EXECUTIVE SECRETARY with steno. Camus, Kafka, Sartre—Has modern, skeptical literature made you question your "raison d'etre"? Why not try for a meaningful vocation with worldwide Protestant Church organization NYC? Some college. Occasional travel. Beautiful new building Columbia University area. Be existential—don't just read—act! Write Box F-748.

M.A. IN READING. Male or female. Clinical work with retarded and remedial pupils. Princeton, N.J., offices. Write fully: MacBrien, New Hope, Pennsylvania.

WANTED: Sales and Rental Managers for integrated housing in several states. Write full background. Planned Communities, 7750 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia 15, Pennsylvania.

"NER" reports hundreds of SPECIFIC $7,000-$70,000 Executive job openings. Write for free copy. National Employment Reports, 519-N Center, Racine 3, Wisconsin.

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RECENT GRADUATES or young teachers to train in the field of Developmental Reading. Must be interested in teaching. Good salary. Some travel. Private schools only. Write fully: MacBrien Educational Consultants, New Hope, Pennsylvania.

PART-TIME RESEARCHER. Assistance wanted by prominent writer for library work. NYC. Hours at your convenience. Box F-763.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

HOUSE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Easy walk from Edgartown. One story, year round house. 5 bedrooms + 4 acres, woods. Separate rentable heated house with 2 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen. Box 457, Edgartown, Massachusetts.

BUCKS COUNTY near New Hope, Pennsylvania. Beautifully restored 3 bedroom stone house, circa 1750, in picturesque village. Asking $25,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

TECHBUILT MODERN: Stunning house, on three hilltop acres. Large rooms, flexible design. Near skiing, swimming and Berkshire Tanglewood cultural centers. Brochure available. $29,500. Booth Hoddick, Salesman, Lillian Esselstyn, Inc., Kinderhook, N.Y.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BUCKS COUNTY. Charming setting with considerable river and canal frontage for this excellent 7 room, 2 bath, house in New Hope. F. Louis Fitting, Realtor, 40 West Bridge Street, New Hope, Pennsylvania. Phone: 862-2291.

For Rent—Furnished

ISLAND COTTAGE for eight, Naples, Florida. Waterway to Gulf. Photos. Box F-702.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house in primitive setting available now. 20 acres. Box F-670.

RURAL SECLUSION but very accessible to city. Completely furnished 12 room Colonial farmhouse on large acreage for one year's rental beginning July 15th. All modern conveniences. $200 per month. On Dutchess-Columbia County border. Brochure, Box 106, Ancramdale, N.Y.

NEVIS—Milltower—electricity, telephone, suitable couple. $200 month, minimum three months. Svenrealty, Christiansted, St. Croix.

For Summer Rental

OSTERVILLE, CAPE COD. 6 room furnished house. $1,000 season. Box F-676.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT—Attractively furnished 4 bedroom house. Large porch, lawns, edge of charming village. $800. Box F-723.

CAPE COD—EASTHAM. Pre-Revolutionary, 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, private beach. $900. August 8th to September 5th. Phone after 7 p.m. White Plains, 914-RO 1-0164. Other rentals.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD. 3 bedroom home, charming rural village, short drive magnificent beaches. $975 season, or half. Box F-769.

HOUSE WANTED

SUMMER RENTAL by physician. 3 bedrooms. In the Hamptons, L.I. Box F-767.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

VACATION TRAD-A-HOME. Accommodations available between responsible people. Write Box 3323, San Bernardino, California.

VACATION LOAN A HOME SERVICE. Exchanges arranged between reputable people. Box 556, Carmichael, California.

WILL TRADE beautiful seven acres with comfortable home near Phillips campus in Andover, Massachusetts, for property with similar attributes near good schools and Hartford, Connecticut. Write Box F-686.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

ATTENTION: ARTISTS, Writers, Pensioners. Low rent, near Chesapeake Bay. Season, yearly. Margaret Luike, Betterton, Maryland. Phone 348-5453.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

LONDON—Elegant 4 rooms. March-September. $70 weekly. Box F-768.

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NEW YORK CITY—Attractive, fully equipped, air-conditioned apartment. Large, light living room, bedroom, kitchen, bath, in attractive central East Side neighborhood. Rent $230 per month. Available June 15th to August 15th. Box F-737.

VERMONT, HISTORIC ARLINGTON. Comfortable, quiet, well equipped. Wide porch, spacious grounds, maples, western view. Adults. Box F-739.

MANHATTAN—near Central Park. June 25th to August 23rd. 6 rooms, fine building, excellent location. $650. Box F-749.

APARTMENT WANTED

EXURBANITE BUSINESSWOMAN yearns to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Box F-671.

ROOM AVAILABLE

CONGENIAL MALE sought. Private bedrorom, kitchen privileges. $100. West 58th near Fifth, NYC. Box F-770.

ROOM WANTED

SR STAFF MEMBER, female, desires room and bath with family. Manhattan. Box F-664.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR SALE: Unusual plantation-type farm in Ohio River valley. 340 acres including rare combination woodland, pasture, stream, plus ⅝ mile river frontage as setting for 12 room brick mansion built 1869. Working farm and dairy on river, railroad, main highway, offering gracious living or potential site for major industrial development; only 30 miles upriver from Huntington, West Virginia, on West Virginia side. Price: $80,000. Please write Box F-180.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen acres bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for summer, winter or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MAINE REAL ESTATE. Special winter offer—30 days only. 6 rooms, old Cape, furnished, 25 acres, secluded, barn. 2 miles from lake. Power available. Good road. $2,500.

40 ROOM HOTEL—cocktail lounge, dining room, ski area—excellent condition. Other uses: Retirement home for aged, private school, convalescent home. Liberal terms available.

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BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

OPPORTUNITY—Gift shop, 9 room dwelling, pool, lawns, parking. Main highway, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. $14,500. Box F-722.

CAMPS

THE ROCK provides venturesome concerns and adventurous activities for a thoughtful boy or girl, 11 through 17. RFD Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

SALTASH MOUNTAIN CAMP (One of the Farm and Wilderness Camps). Rugged, primitive camping for 40 boys, 11-15, on wilderness lake. Challenge to muscle, imagination, self-reliance. Campcraft, canoeing, conservation, forestry, hiking, swimming. Friendly, informal atmosphere. (Also Indian Brook for girls, Timberlake for boys.) Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

CAMPS

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys, 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

TALENTED TEENAGERS: A special program at the Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Road, Box C, Scituate, Massachusetts.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

NEW TEENAGE PROGRAM improves self-confidence, work habits, leisure use. Shaker Village, P.O. Box 1149S, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theatre, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 36 boys, 10-16. Three age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

MONTANA SUMMER — Ranching, Riding, Wilderness Recreation. Family-sized group, boys and girls. Harriet Johnston, Box 658, Livingston.

A CREATIVE EXPERIENCE at Camps Orin-Sekwa in the Berkshires. Dynamic Drama • Arts • Science • Music • Journalism—all with professional instruction. Skiing, sailing on our private lake. Special teenage program. 1 Vernon Drive, Scarsdale, N.Y. 914-SC 5-2705.

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

VACATIONS

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

WORKING CATTLE RANCH, Indian country, beautiful surroundings. A few guests this June. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont.

CORTEZ, FLORIDA—An unspoiled fishing village on beautiful Sarasota Bay. Excellent food. Congenial long term residents. Near Bradenton and Sarasota. Reasonable rates. Brochure. ALBION INN.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Skiing, skating and tobogganing.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

TWO FOR TEE, or more—golf, surf bathing, sociality. Brochure: Atlantis Hotel, Kennebunk Beach 11, Maine.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Pussywillows! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

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VICHY Study and Travel Group. Girls 15-17. June 30th-August 19th. Supervised. French studies. All sports. Touring. $1,495, all-inclusive. Colvin Inc. Travel, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York. PLaza 3-2382.

PUTNEY SCHOOL is sponsoring three study-trips: Alaska; a Drama Trip to England, Scotland and Germany; and Egypt-East Africa. Write Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

PRIVATE HOMES in Argentina, Chile, Ecuador, and Peru still available for carefully selected exchange students, 15 through 18. Mrs. Lewis Bookhultz, American Youth Exchange, 14215 South Biscayne River Drive, Miami 61, Florida.

TRAVEL

FOR STUDENTS 15-19. Special travel programs that emphasize doing, rather than just sightseeing, and close contact with people of other lands. Travel with European teenagers and live with a European family; speak French in France all summer; visit a Soviet Youth Camp; study Spanish in Mexico—or choose from varied list of trips planned to help you know a part of Europe well. For full catalogue write: George R. Shumlin, Director, The European Travel-Camp, Putney, Vermont. (13th year.)

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SHAKESPEARE'S 400TH BIRTHDAY TOUR, April 9th-30th. Visit Shakespeare sites and join the anniversary festivities in Stratford, April 23rd. Festival performances and Elizabethan dinner included. Alliance Travel, 366 Fifth Avenue, NYC 1. CHickering 4-7100.

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SUMMER IN EUROPE? Challenging, unrushed tour; ages 19-33. Box F-366.

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TRAVEL

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CITIES OF CENTRAL ASIA TOUR, July 5th to August 23rd, 1964. Visit Samarkand, Bukhara, Ashkhabad, Dushanbe, Alma-Ata, Tashkent, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Sochi, Kabul, Tehran, Isfahan, Shiraz, Persepolis, Istanbul, plus Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Irkutsk. $2,788 from New York by Sabena jet. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

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UNIQUE EUROPEAN SEMINAR leaving June 25th seeing top government, religious leaders. Box F-777.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1560

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Just fancy an elaborate old-fashioned equipage which can be worn around the neck! (comp.).

B. Slang for the piano keys.

C. Rapacious, crafty person who gains by extortion, swindling, etc.

D. Dryden's word for frequently, continually.

E. Something with which the poet hopes to crown America's good.

F. Cleave.

G. A climbing iron, best used in pairs.

H. German neurologist known for work on forensic psychiatry (1840-1902).

I. Subject of Shelley's famous poem on the vanity and futility of a tyrant.

J. Fresh, comparatively untried, method (2 wds.).

K. Former home of the Sun King, now of such as Nike, Madame Lisa, Madam Whistler, etc.

L. A great one preceded the long time of poor harvests, acc'g to Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream (3 wds.; *Genesis xli*).

WORDS

167 165 3 8 69 194 101 72 180 84

97 138 129 38 178 94 58

161 42 109 99 200

33 135 36 12 57 198

24 143 181 90 132 10 45 47 2 169 163

15 74 116 30 173 102

26 150 89 54 20 31 170

105 168 43 32 148 114 18 174 51 4 131

193 118 63 189 125 87 156 48 11 29

73 122 154 46 27 41

62 120 82 6 106 71

14 61 104 96 146 157 64 40 117 83 134

1

DEFINITIONS

M. Introductory 2 wds. of a TV commercial explaining a method.

N. To designate by a significant appellation.

O. Eradicate something (3 wds.).

P. Tints that sound like the name of a former U.S. statesman.

Q. Chief adversary.

R. Inexact.

S. Resembling the smallest European deer.

T. Restrain or discourage through fear.

U. Long river in S. Tanganyika, part of its boundary, emptying into Indian Ocean N. of Cape Delgado (Port. sp.).

V. Word, phrase, etc., not necessary to the sense, inserted merely to fill a vacancy, often an oath or exclamation.

W. Give form to something. (2 wds.).

X. Expanded to greater extent (2 wds.).

Y. Capable of being turned inside out.

Z. To be inflamed.

WORDS

9 144 185 85 127 196 53 76

139 184 128 100 124 111 115

86 172 119 192 22 195 149 56 79

93 39 107 75

13 166 52 91 155 37 164 179 103

59 183 121 35 25 176 152 67 50

66 159 77 136 182 16 88

17 188 92 65 81

23 147 187 130 160 175

34 110 126 49 190 145 162 60 80

112 141 21 55 197 44 133

19 68 123 5 113 95 186 28 140

7 151 142 70 171 137 78 98

158 199 191 177 108 153

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 L	2 E	3 A		4 H	5 X	6 K	7 Y	8 A		9 M	10 E	11 I	12 D	
13 Q		14 L	15 F	16 S		17 T	18 H	19 X	20 G	21 W	22 O	23 U		24 E	25 R	26 G	27 J
28 X	29 I	30 F		31 G	32 H		33 D	34 V	35 R		36 D	37 Q	38 B	39 P	40 L	41 J	
42 C	43 H	44 W	45 E		46 J	47 E	48 I	49 V	50 R		51 H		52 Q	53 M	54 G	55 W	56 O
57 D	58 B	59 R	60 V	61 L	62 K	63 I		64 L	65 T	66 S	67 R	68 X	69 A	70 Y	71 K		72 A
73 J	74 F		75 P	76 M	77 S	78 Y	79 O	80 V	81 T		82 K	83 L	84 A	85 M	86 O	87 I	88 S
89 G	90 E	91 Q		92 T	93 P	94 B		95 X	96 L	97 B	98 Y	99 C		100 N	101 A	102 F	
103 Q	104 L	105 H		106 K	107 P	108 Z	109 C	110 V	111 N	112 W		113 X	114 H		115 N	116 F	117 L
	118 I	119 O	120 K		121 R	122 J	123 X	124 N	125 I	126 V	127 M		128 N		129 B	130 U	131 H
132 E	133 W		134 L	135 D		136 S	137 Y	138 B	139 N		140 X	141 W	142 Y	143 E	144 M		145 V
146 L	147 U		148 H	149 O	150 G		151 Y	152 R	153 Z	154 J	155 Q	156 I		157 L	158 Z	159 S	160 U
	161 C	162 V	163 E	164 Q		165 A	166 Q		167 A	168 H	169 E	170 G	171 Y		172 O	173 F	
174 H	175 U	176 R	177 Z		178 B	179 Q		180 A	181 E		182 S	183 R	184 N	185 M	186 X	187 U	188 T
189 I	190 V	191 Z	192 O		193 I	194 A		195 O	196 M	197 W		198 D	199 Z	200 C			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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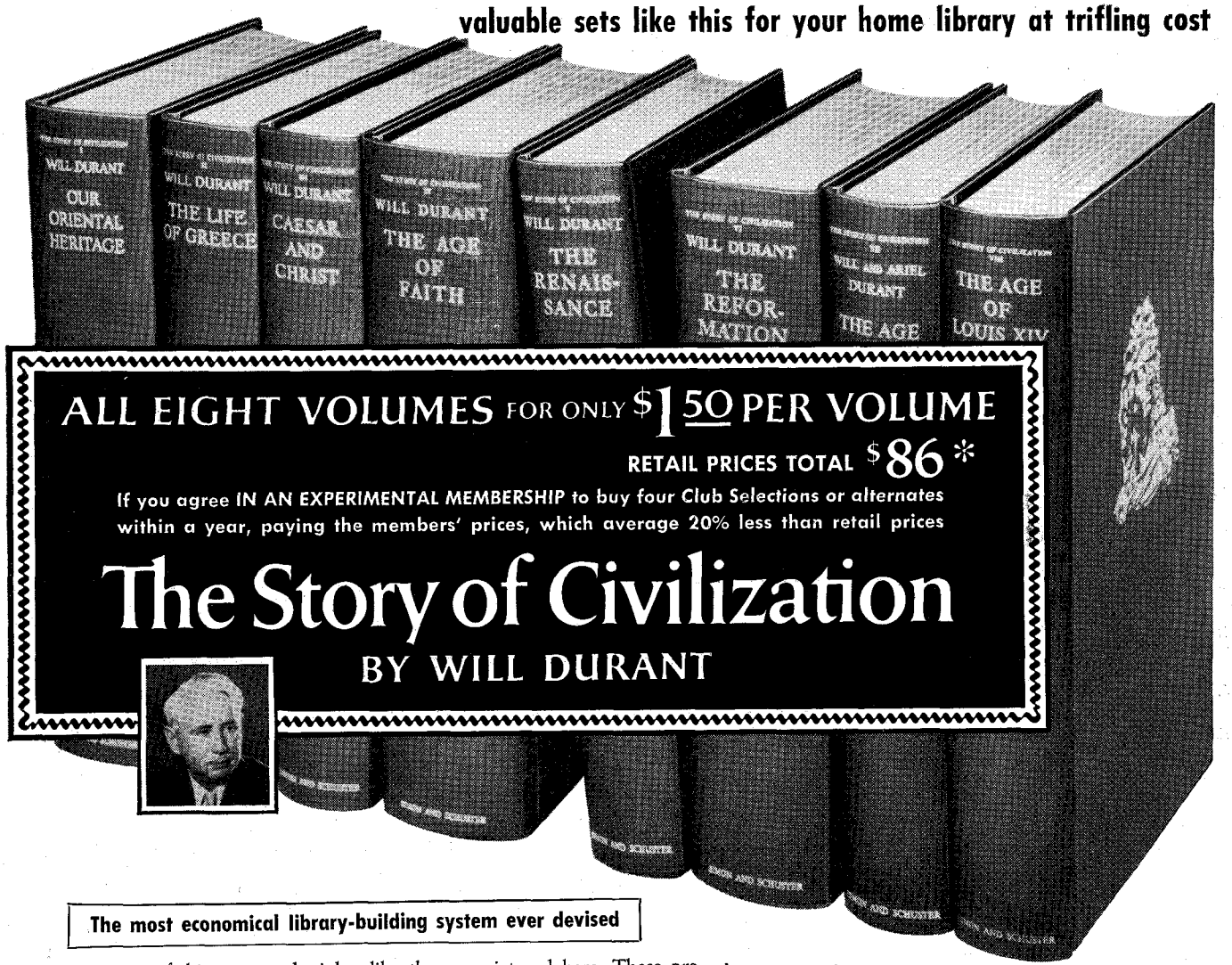

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BY WILL DURANT

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THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate, *by your own actual experience*, four things highly important for every reading family. First, that membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club is a certain way to keep from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, the new books you fully intend to read; second, that you will pay, on the average, 20% less for those books you want than you otherwise would; third, that you will have a wide choice—more than 200 books a year; and fourth, that under the Club's new Book-Dividend system you will be acquiring useful or beautiful volumes—and fine high-priced sets—for trifling sums.

✶ **HOW CAN IT BE DONE?** The answer to that natural question is that the Club's Book-Dividend system is comparable to the traditional profit-sharing systems of consumer cooperatives. The Club regularly sets aside from its income what is termed its Book-Dividend Fund. As this total accumulates, it is invested for the benefit of members in large editions of high-priced library volumes—beautiful art books, indispensable reference works, practical and useful books in many fields, literary classics both old and new, and costly multi-volume sets like the one pictured here. These are the Club's Book-Dividends.

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